Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

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S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

A Call.

All who are interested in Dairying in any of its branches, are invited to meet at the time and place of the annual meeting of the Board of Agriculture, for the purpose of organizing a "MAINE DAIRYMAN'S ASSOCIATION," for the encouragement, protection and advancement of all branches of dairying in our State.

(Signed) J. W. LANG, S. DILL, S. G. FOSTER, DANIEL SPOONER.

Frost Trees in Sun-shine.

A Winter Picture.

Few writers have attempted, and none have successfully performed the difficult task of describing one of those beautiful mornings in winter, when from the prevalence of one or two mild days every twig of every branch of every tree in the forest is covered with delicate snow crystals, as perfectly as if they had been immersed in a mammoth cauldron of prepared snow flakes and ice diamonds! One may range through the poets and those writers who have made the sights and sounds of nature a study; he may search the pages of Gilbert White, and Thomas Miller, of Henry Thoreau and Wilson Flagg—and he will find no account of the wondrous beauty of such a winter morning as these words suggest to every resident of a northern clime, as having been witnessed by him generally once in every winter, though in greater beauty some years than others. Thoreau indeed gives a faint shadow of it when he asks, "Where are the jewelers' shops? There is nothing handsomer than a snow flake; and I may say that the Maker of the world exhausts His skill with each snow flake that he sends down." And who but the Maker of a world, who clothes the fields in green, and who dots the heavens with stars, could in a night transform bare branches of dead trees into myriads upon myriads of ice diamonds, so that the forests for miles and miles are but a sea of glittering jewels, each one of which reflects to man His wisdom, and power, and goodness? And a better description possibly, was given by a poor lunatic, who imagined he owned the sun and the world, and who used to describe his voyages to unknown regions, and on one of these voyages said he "landed on a shore where the trees were silver!" What a picture! Fit to come from the brain of a mad-man, but fit also to describe one of those scenes in nature of most transcendant beauty—the trees of winter shrouded in snow crystals, and the morning sun changing these crystals to diamonds, and from diamonds to nothingness! For with the warmth of the sun upon them, they quickly dissolve, filling the air with the glitter of falling sun-beams. As it is with frost-gems, so it is with more real jewels, and even with human hopes. They glitter for a moment, and then go out. The possessions which we had we have not, and we grope our way in the darkness and disappointment of our failing joys and breaking hopes—back to Him the ineffable, the immortal, the unfathomable! And as the peculiar enjoyments of such a scene as Nature gives us on one of these mornings in winter, fully compensates the genuine lover of Nature for the cold and discomfort of a northwinter; so there are joys of the soul crowded into brief spaces of time, that are so transcendant as to be indescribable, that come to the experiences of every human heart, and that sweeten the bitter pangs of sorrow, of disappointment, of bereavement. Let us cling to these experiences as we treasure up the beautiful imagery of the frost woods in sunshine, and grow wiser and better, even if sadder of life, by so doing.

"Otter" or "Creeper" Sheep.

In the Northern Shepherd—a treatise on sheep, written by the late Dr. Holmes, former editor of this paper, and published at Winthrop in this State in 1835—among other historical notes on the different breeds of sheep that had been introduced into Maine, was an account of the *Otter* or *Creeper* breed, of which it is said: "Some years ago a variety of sheep were somewhat numerous in some parts of Massachusetts, and some few of them were introduced into Maine." A long extract is then given from the third volume of the Travels of the late Dr. Timothy Dwight, in which their origin is traced to the town of Mendon, Mass., where a farmer is said to have had a ewe that produced twin lambs, in which a difference of structure was noticed, from the others of the flock. The fore legs were much shorter and were bent inwards so as to distinctly resemble what are called *club feet*. Their bodies were at the same time thicker and more clumsy. "But," says Dr. Dwight, "their peculiar value consists in the quietness with which they continue in any enclosure. In a country like New England, where stone walls are so general, it would seem that sheep of that description would be almost invaluable." Upon which Dr. Holmes comments as follows: "This breed did not answer the high expectations which Dr. Dwight formed of them. They have now become very scarce if not entirely extinct."

We find in the *American Naturalist* for December a note upon this matter, by which it appears that their origin, on the authority of Prof. Huxley of England, was "on the farm of Seth Wright, near Charles River, Mass." In 1813 David Humphreys F. R. S. of Philadelphia, forwarded a skeleton of one to Sir Joseph Banks, and Huxley, in an article on the "Origin of Species" (Lay Sermons p. 254—298) says, Humphrey found it difficult to obtain a specimen even in 1812, and he expresses the belief that "for many years no remnant of the breed has existed in the United States." To this the *Naturalist* takes exception, and says: "Otter sheep were raised till within a few years on the farms of Hon. William Hale and Joshua R. Chesley, Esq., of Barrington, N. H." We are also sure that within the period of three years specimens of these sheep have existed on some of our Kennebec county farms, and within one year we have had an inquiry concerning them from a professor in one of our Western colleges, who was desirous of obtaining a skeleton of one for their cabinet. They were called "Creepers" because their legs were short and very much curved or bowed outward. If the origin of this breed of sheep has any direct relation to the question of the origin of species, or even if it is regarded as of sufficient importance to receive attention from the leading scientists and philosophers of the day—we may certainly be pardoned for alluding to it and presenting the matter in such a way as to bring it to the notice of our farmer readers, and, if possible, aid the inquiries of these learned gentlemen.

The late Prof. Agassiz.

In the death of Prof. Agassiz—of whom we give a brief sketch elsewhere—science has sustained an irreparable loss, and the nation at large is called to mourn one of its most honored and distinguished citizens. His name is associated with some of the grandest triumphs of modern science, and although occupying the proud position of leader in this line of enquiry, he was always the plain, modest gentlemen, the simple and diligent searcher after truth. Of all the scientists of the present time, no one was more bold, and none more conservative than he. Deep and extended as was his knowledge of the great book of Nature, all his study of it but led him to acknowledge its harmony with the greater Book of Revelation; and in the stern conflict which has been waged for years between the advocates of the development theory of creation and those who have opposed it, he has ever been the grandest champion for the unity of creation and the permanency of type in the Creator's work. That he should be removed from earth while the conflict is still at issue among scientists, with neither party vanquished, and just as he had begun to put forth the mature views of a lifetime of enquiry upon this great theme, (the first part of which has appeared in print in a leading publication since his decease) is but the fulfillment of one of those decrees of the Infinite: "Thus far, and no farther." But after all comes this great lesson from his life—that the deepest human knowledge is not incompatible with the highest forms of religious faith; and in this respect Prof. Agassiz was the perfect model of a scientific inquirer. In 1863 Prof. Agassiz was appointed a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, and besides delivering lectures before that body on the physiological principles of breeding, the origin of agricultural soils, cattle husbandry, fish breeding and the structure and growth of domestic animals—he took an active part in the lesser discussions on practical matters, never assuming a position above his fellow members, but in the consideration of every subject was always the same learner, the same true inquirer after truth. The great work of his life was the establishment of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge—a work carried on mainly by his own exertions, and already surpassing some of the famous museums of the old world. In presenting the claims of this museum upon the people of Massachusetts, Prof. Agassiz himself said only a year ago, that it was then so thoroughly organized, "vitalized as it were with the spirit of thought and work," that his presence or absence was of little importance! Whether prophetic or not, so let it be; it is for Massachusetts to say of this noble means for popular education, which represents the life work of its lamented founder, shall fail in its mission through want of pecuniary endowment, and its collections scattered to enrich the museums of older and richer nations. Rather let the State of Massachusetts, which has taken so advanced a position in the promotion of popular and scientific education, honor his memory in the best manner which is possible—by naming it after its now dead founder, and give it such aid that his absence will indeed be of little importance, other than to insure for it an endowment by which, in the hands of competent workers, it may carry out through all coming time the objects for which the AGASSIZ MUSEUM was created, and inspire all its students with that zealous love of truth which formed the key of all his researches and all his triumphs.

The Pitch-Fork.

Some years ago, in the informal chat with which the meetings of farmers' clubs most always adjourn—and in this kind of talk there are often many things said that are too useful to be forgotten—the question was asked "which sort of farm implement does the farmer use most?" Some said the hoe, some the shovel, some one thing and some another; for several answered at once. An old farmer of experience and observation said, very quickly: "the pish-fork"—and he was not far from right. The hoe in the hands of a good farmer is used a great deal, and perhaps if the hours of its use were put into days, and the same with the fork the time would not be very much different in either case. But during the two months of hay and grain harvest, and the six months of winter feeding, the pitch-fork has to be in the farmer's hands a large share of the time, and it would form a not inappropriate emblem of the farmer's vocation, were it not that the plow has from time immemorial done satisfactory duty in this respect.

A good farmer can be told from the way in which he handles the pitch-fork. Go into his barn at this season of the year and see if this statement be not true. You will find the barn floor of the good farmer clean and neat—with the different kinds of hay for horses, sheep and cows in snug piles by themselves, the scatterings all raked up, no chaff or dirt to be seen, and no orts in the crib or feed racks. He knows how to handle the pitch-fork advantageously, and in his hands it is made to show to all that he is a careful, systematic farmer. How is it with the barn of the careless farmer—the man who is a farmer because he can do nothing else? Don't you find his barn floor from six to eight inches thick with scatterings, with lots of hay wasted and in a confused mass from one end to the other, with cribs full of orts and scatterings covering the yard? And does not his use of the fork betoken his thriftless, thoughtless way of doing things? More than this, in the hands of the careful farmer, the pitch-fork is as good as a pair of steel-yards. He knows what each animal needs, and no hay is given to be wasted. In years of a short hay crop, how much can be saved during the fodder ing season, by a careful attention to the daily use of the fork. And this discipline, while contributing to the good health of the farm stock, is also noticeable in the saving of many dollars worth of hay to the farmer. Besides, the fork handle is the thermometer for many farmers. Not a very good one to be sure, but we know of some farmers who always tell the severity of the weather of a winter morning, by the degree of coldness of the fork-handle and come pretty near right, too!

Just now the pitch-fork is the reigning implement upon the farm. Use it judiciously and carefully. Keep the floors, and cribs, and yards well cleaned up. Feed regularly and in sufficient amount for the wants of the several animals. Give no food to be wasted; and, remember—that the pitch-fork is never to be used as a goad stick!

Stock Movements in Maine.

M. L. Wilder, Esq., of Pembroke, a former member of the Board of Agriculture, has just imported several fine thoroughbred Short-horns; and Maj. Seward Dill of Phillips, has added to his herd three full blood Ayrshire heifers, purchased from N. Dane, Jr. Esq., Kennebunk.

Impressions of Aroostook County.

Opportunities for Business.

We have been asked many times since our return from Aroostook county, "What do you think of Aroostook?" and have many times answered the question to friends and inquirers who have propounded it. But for a large number who have asked it by letter, and who have made enquiries concerning some statements in our previous articles, a few remarks may be necessary.

Vast as is Aroostook county in extent, and covered as a very large portion of it is with heavy timber—yet it is not a wilderness, its citizens are not back-woodsmen. At Houlton, Presque Isle, Caribou, Fort Fairfield, Sherman, and other towns are centres of trade with the surrounding country, and these villages have all the appearance of villages in the older and more western parts of the State. Society is good, the people are cultivated and refined, the school, the church and the newspaper flourish and are fostered, and there is not only comfort and prosperity—but even wealth and happiness on every hand. The soil is rich and deep, easily cleared, producing abundant crops of all grains and farm products. The farm buildings are good, and even in the more recently settled portions there is an air of thrift, of contentment and prosperity, which at once convinces the "outsider" that there is something real and substantial to farm life in Aroostook. In the matter of farm stock the county is behind other sections of the State—a result not unexpected in a new section, good stock being a secondary matter to houses and cleared fields. But a gradual improvement is being made in this particular, and before many years the neat stock of Aroostook will without doubt compare favorably with those of other counties in Maine.

Previous to the opening of the Houlton branch of the N. B. & Canada Railroad, communication between Aroostook county and Boston, Portland and other parts of the State was slow and tedious. From Houlton (only thirty miles from the southern line of the county) to Bangor, the distance, over the most direct route, was one hundred and thirty-five miles, by stage; and with such a distance separating the two points, those only travelled who were obliged to. Few came out on business, few went in for pleasure. Communication amounted almost to non-intercourse. Hence the terms "outside" and "inside," as applied to the county and to places out of the county, in consequence of its isolated situation, and the exclusive condition of its citizens. With the opening of the railroad to Houlton this has all been changed—and the change it is working will be realized more in the future than it has been in the past. Now passengers can leave Houlton in the morning, and be in Boston the next morning; or leave Boston at night and be in Houlton the next night. And a ride of twenty-four hours between two business points brings them in reality very near together. Other portions of the country experience this distance and think themselves within the very centre of business. It is true the route from Houlton to Bangor is somewhat circuitous—but it is far better than the old time stage; and when the Aroostook railroad shall have been built up through the centre of this county to its most northern limit, what a grand opening up of the resources and capabilities of the county will follow!

The opportunities for business of different kinds in Aroostook, are such as should invite thither capitalists who are seeking chances to invest their money. Take the different branches of farming. What opportunities exist in Aroostook county for stock husbandry, for sheep raising or for horse breeding. Land is very cheap, pastures are good, the hay harvest is immense, oats are raised in great quantities. What an opening for our farmers to go down there, purchase a large tract of land, stock it with sheep, and leave the whole in charge of a faithful and efficient agent. What a dividend would result from this course. The same is true of rearing young stock; of carrying on a butter dairy, sending the product to the Boston market packed in ice; of breeding the best horses. Then again take the working up of hard wood lumber into dimensions for the market, or even the manufacture of furniture and other articles, in the rough, to be transported to other markets and finished up. This is a branch that could safely be entered upon in Aroostook county with a good prospect of success, on account of the large amount of hard wood timber now to be found in near proximity to water power. In many cases the waste of this kind of lumber, and of cedar that could be sawed into shingles is fearful, and must be stopped. Opportunities for its conversion into something of utility should at once be put in operation. Then in addition to business openings of this kind, there are enterprises well established which parties could purchase, enlarge and carry on to great profit. Business men in Aroostook county have been obliged from the very circumstances of the case to carry on more and different kinds of business than they have really desired to, and are now anxious to dispose of some parts of it. This is true in regard to the splendid grist mill at Houlton, now owned by Madigan & Page, which has five runs of French Burr stone, and which in a single year has ground over 46,000 bushels of grain. There are other mills and mill sites in Presque Isle and Caribou, for sale, simply because the present owners have so much other business to do they cannot give personal attention to them. More starch factories are to be built in Northern Aroostook another season, cheese factories are also to be erected, and in these and other business operations a new career of prosperity and activity seems to be opening to this county. Let capitalists visit Aroostook and look at her opportunities for investment before deciding to locate out of New England.

Editorial Notes.

Franklin county is generally hard to beat, and Bro. Dill dislikes to "give in," but he thinks "2½ feet" will be nearer the amount of snow on a level in his section than 5½ feet, as was printed in our paper of 13th inst.

The managers of the city farm in this city having decided to pay greater attention to the improvement of stock upon the farm, have purchased the thoroughbred Jersey bull Martel, 742, of James W. North M. D., and will let him for service another season.

Several articles intended for this issue have been crowded out—among them half a column of agricultural intelligence, an account of the first winter meeting of the Franklin County Farmers' Association, and several editorial articles. These will appear next week. Meanwhile we direct the attention of the reader to the suggestive articles of Gen. Tilton and Mr. E. Lewis Sturtevant—both of which contain much that is worth thinking about. Let our correspondents make them texts for short sermons for our columns.

Penobscot Poultry Association.

The third annual exhibition of the Penobscot County Poultry Association took place at City Hall, Bangor, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The attendance throughout was good and the entire number of coops on exhibition was about one hundred and fifty. Among the leading contributors were Albert Noyes, J. H. Hayes, W. G. Duren, Hebron Luce and A. L. Boyd of Bangor; Joel E. Shaw and Allen Carter, of Hampden; Geo. D. Stockwell of East Eddington; J. P. Keniston Dixmont, and Ezra Manter Winterport. Below we give the full list of premiums for which we are indebted to the *Whig*:

List of Premiums.

HENS AND CHICKENS. Light Brahma—Old Fowls, A. Noyes, Bangor, 1st; M. A. Walton, Alton, 2d; George D. Stockwell, East Eddington, 3d. Young fowls, J. E. Carr, Brownville, 1st and 2d; A. Noyes, Bangor, 3d.

Dark Brahma—George D. Stockwell, E. Eddington, 1st; J. L. Rogers, Hampden, 3d.

Partridge Cochin—Old fowls, G. D. Stockwell, 1st. Young fowls, G. D. Stockwell, E. Eddington, 2d; S. S. Kimball, Bangor, 3d.

Black Cochin—J. H. Hayes, Bangor, 2d.

Buff Cochin—Old fowls, G. D. Stockwell, East Eddington, 1st; A. Noyes, Bangor, 2d; B. F. Hawes, Bangor, 3d. Young fowls, S. E. Carr, Brownville, 1st; A. Noyes, Bangor, 2d; G. D. Stockwell, E. Eddington, 3d.

White Cochin—Old fowls, A. Noyes, Bangor, 1st. Young fowls, A. Noyes, Bangor, 1st and 2d.

Plymouth Rock—Old fowls, A. Noyes, Bangor, 1st; G. D. Stockwell, E. Eddington, 2d. Young fowls, J. P. Walker, Bangor, 1st; H. N. Fairbanks, Bangor, 2d; E. P. Ferguson, Bangor, 3d.

Houdan—Old fowls, G. D. Stockwell, E. Eddington, 1st; M. A. Walton, Alton, 2d. Young fowls, J. E. Shaw, Hampden, 1st and 2d.

Silver Polish—Old fowls, William Woodworth, Bangor, 1st. Young fowls, William Woodworth, 1st and 2d.

Brown Leghorn—Old fowls, A. Noyes, Bangor, 1st. Young fowls, A. Noyes, Bangor, 1st and 2d; J. E. Shaw, Hampden, 3d.

White Leghorn—Old fowls, A. Noyes, Bangor, 1st. Young fowls, J. P. Walker, Bangor, 1st; A. Noyes, Bangor, 2d; J. P. Walker, Bangor, 3d.

Golden Seabright—J. H. Hayes, Bangor, 1st.

Prairie Pheasants—E. Manter, Winterport, 1st.

Partridge Pheasant—E. Manter, Winterport, 2d.

Grey Dorking—Young fowls, Hebron Luce, Bangor, 2d; J. E. Shaw, Hampden, 3d.

Game—J. E Carr, Brownville, 1st and 2d.

Black Spanish—A. L. Boyd, Bangor, 1st.

Silver Spangled Hamburg—Old fowls, A. Noyes, Bangor, 1st. Young fowls, A. Noyes, Bangor, 1st and 3d.

Golden Spangled Hamburg—Old fowls, A. Noyes, Bangor, 2d. Young fowls, A. Noyes, Bangor, 2d.

White Bantam—Wm. Woodworth, Bangor, 1st.

Frizzled Fowls—M. Walton, Alton, 1st.

Dominique—A. Noyes, Bangor, 1st.

Guinea—Old fowls, J. E. Shaw, Hampden, 2d. Young fowls, J. E. Shaw, 2d.

TURKEYS. Bronze—S. G. Jerrard, Levant, 1st; G. D. Stockwell, E. Eddington, 2d.

PEA FOWLS—Moses Weld, Olamon, 1st.

DUCKS—Aylesbury, A. Noyes, Bangor, 1st and 2d.

Rouen—E. P. Ferguson, Bangor, 1st; J. P. Keniston, Dixmont, 2d.

Muscovy—Luther Pierce, Brewer, 1st.

GEESE. White China—George D. Stockwell, East Eddington, 1st.

Common—J. P. Keniston, Dixmont, 3d.

Bremen—G. D. Stockwell, E. Eddington, 1st and 2d.

Half Wild—Hebron Luce, Bangor, 1st; J. E. Shaw, Hampden, 2d; J. P. Keniston, Dixmont, 3d.

TUMBLER PIGEONS—Wm. Woodworth, Bangor, Honorable mention; no premium awarded.

Sketch of Prof. Agassiz.

Prof. Louis John Rudolph Agassiz, better known as Louis Agassiz, died at his residence in Cambridge on Sunday night, 14th inst. His death was caused by an attack of paralysis, induced by cerebral congestion. He was in the 67th year of his age.

Prof. Agassiz was born on the 28th of May, 1807, at Motiers, canton of Freyburg, Switzerland, where his father was a pastor. In 1818 he entered the Gymnasium of Bienne, and in 1822 was removed to the Academy of Lausanne, as a reward for his proficiency in science. He subsequently studied medicine and the experimental sciences, at Zurich, Heidelberg and Munich, at which last university he took the degree of M. D. He went soon after to Paris, where he gained the friendship of Cuvier and Humboldt. On returning to Switzerland, he was appointed professor of natural history at the college of Neufchatel. Being entrusted with the publication of the 116 species of fish collected by Spix in Brazil, he gave to the world that new classification of fishes to which he subsequently remained steadfast.

In 1846, on invitation, Mr. Agassiz embarked for this country and was appointed professor of zoology and geology in the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge. He then concluded to remain in America, declining several very flattering offers from celebrated European institutions of learning, and has ever since expressed the fondest regard for his adopted country, which has ever been proud to claim him as a citizen. Much of his time, apart from his professional duties, has been spent in explorations and investigations throughout the country, and late years he has devoted mainly to the arrangement and study of his vast collections. In 1865 and 1866, however, he, in company with his wife and a staff of accomplished scientists, made an exploration in Brazil. Every facility was offered the party by both the American and Brazilian governments, and the journey was prolific of scientific results.

The great aim of the last two years of his life was the establishment of a great school of natural history, under a deep conviction that the only true method of teaching natural history was to bring the students face to face with nature. By the generosity of Mr. Anderson of New York he was enabled to start his school on Penikese Island, in Massachusetts Bay last summer. The great reputation of Prof. Agassiz as a teacher brought hundreds of applications for admission to the school from every part of the Union, long before any preparations had been matured to receive the students. The entire establishment was under the immediate supervision of Prof. Agassiz; he was the life and soul of it, and it is difficult to conceive of the school as going on without him. He was twice married, his second wife being Miss Lizzie Cary, daughter of Mr. T. G. Cary. He has three children, Alexander Agassiz, Ida (Mrs. Higginson), and Pauline (Mrs. Shaw.) Among the literary monuments of Prof. Agassiz's study and activity are his works on "A Journey to Brazil," resulting from his expedition thither, in 1865; "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," a work gigantic in conception and execution, of which but four volumes have as yet appeared; "Methods of Study in Natural History;" The Structure of Animal Life;" "Twelve Lectures on Comparative Embryology;" "Systeme Glaciale," and "Lake Superior," a work embodying the results of his scientific explorations in the region of that lake.

The researches of the great scientist were all in the cause of truth, and his valuable and interesting discoveries were beginning to throw light on many a problem before unsolved. The dignity of the cause to which he devoted himself is steadily becoming weightier, and the application of it to the daily concerns of life is more and more manifest. Prof. Agassiz was one who never allowed his zeal in his discoveries to have predominance over the reverence due to his Maker, and so claimed more respect from the religious community than the majority of his class of minds. He was amiable as a man and loving as a husband and father. He was noted, not so much for his devotion to one particular branch of study as for his vast general intelligence, and he made himself felt whenever he came in contact with his fellows.

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Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Stallions in Maine.

At the session of 1872-73, the Legislature of this State passed a law requiring the owners of all stallions used for breeding purposes to record in the registry of deeds the full pedigrees of their animals; and for the proper enforcement of the law, two penalties were made. The first was a forfeiture of the service money due to any stallion not so entered; the second was a fine of one hundred dollars for recording a false pedigree. This legislation was obtained with some degree of difficulty, and much doubt was expressed by quidnuncs as to whether it would be carried out. One thing about it was certainly commendable;—no other State had preceded us in this plan for advancing the interests of breeders of horses. New York had led the way, but faltered. We however have made the law, and our people have faithfully obeyed it. There are now on record 294 stallions, and this number may be presumed to embrace all (or nearly all) who have a genuine pedigree. It certainly is large enough for all our needs. Indeed the number will astonish those who have made no reflection upon the subject, and it only goes to show the necessity of a provision, which was discarded by the legislative committee who reported the bill, although fully presented to them; and that was that no horse should be allowed to stand for mares, except he be licensed so to do; for which privilege, his owner should pay such a tax to the State, as would preclude the use of inferior animals for such purposes. Such a system obtains in the more advanced European countries. In fact, in several of them, the Government owns all the stallions; but it is likely that in the near future this plan will be modified, so far as to permit citizens to hold stallions for public use, under certain restrictions, as to age, blood and condition.

There are one or two more ideas suggested by a perusal of these Maine pedigrees, (some of which are good reading.) The first point to be noticed is the undue particularity with which the blood of the sire is given, while the dam is accorded no sire, save the inevitable Messenger or Morgan, and the grand-dam is unthought of.

If gentlemen will reflect, they will see the uselessness of reiterating the genealogy of a popular stallion. It is to be supposed that everybody knows his pedigree; what the enquirer wants to know is the blood of the dam. To take the most prominent example: there is the horse "General Knox," raised in Vermont, and brought into this State—which he has so greatly benefitted—by a public spirited gentleman.

There are forty-seven stallions recorded as being by this horse, and the owners of thirty of them have been kind enough to inform us that he was sired by Sherman Black Hawk; (not a decked fact, by the way) that his dam was by Harris' Hambletonian, and so on—all taking up three-quarters of their space to tell us what we knew before. In the case of a very young sire, it might be permissible, advantageous even, to name his sire and dam, so long as we have no stud book to refer to; but the sires of the dam, and of the grand-dam, are the most interesting points in a pedigree. Then, if the owners of stallions would give their horses intelligible names, we might by study of pedigrees, gain some ideas of breeding, that could be put to use. But now, owing to poverty of invention, or a desire for reflected honor, the colt is too often saddled with some new variation of his father's name. That this is perfectly natural, no one will deny, who sees the same trouble in Vermont, with Morgans and Morrills; in New York, with Hambletonians and Abdallahs, and in Kentucky with Mambrinos and Clays. They all harp upon the same thing, until nothing but discord has been produced. So serious has become this evil, that Mr. Wallace has very properly refused to record in his second volume of the Trotting Register, horses with such unmeaning names. This matter has received some attention in this State, but there are twenty-two sons of KNOX, upon my list, who bear his name with a prefix of the owner's name, varied by a "young" or "junior" or both. If our owners were to always retain the animal, probably no confusion would result; but the experience of the past teaches us that sons of old Winthrop Messenger did duty in different towns in the State under the names of different owners; and thereby much uncertainty hangs over the pedigree of living animals. It is for this reason that so little is said of the pedigrees of the dams of our best horses. When a good old gray mare has produced a noble colt, it is taken as a matter of course that she is a Messenger.

Now the careful observer will note that while the get of Gen. Knox are generally large, powerful, useful animals, able and willing to draw a plough or a carriage; all of them good roadsters, many of them good trotters, yet his fastest, those which have made him celebrated out of the State, have been mainly produced by thoroughbred mares or by those Messengers whose pedigrees can be traced.

No better evidence of the value of blood,—the necessity of records in breeding,—can be educed than this fact; and it is a matter for congratulation that we have started out so auspiciously to keep a clear record in the future. It would be satisfactory to know the blood of horses distinguished in the past, such as the "Avery," the "Drew" and the "Witherell," but we probably never shall know and can only attribute their great qualities to a chance infusion of good blood. Let us hope for more certainty in the future. WM. S. TILTON.

Togus, Dec. 15th.

For the Maine Farmer.

Fish Pomace for Sheep.

If your correspondent who inquires "in regard to fish pomace as a sheep feed," will turn to page 30 of the 1870 Board of Agriculture Report, he will learn what, at that date, my experience and opinion were. Then, I thought, "a pound for pound, the chum was worth as much as corn." Now, I am decidedly of the opinion that "chum" is worth the most.

I am feeding chum this winter. No other provender is given, or needed, for long before shearing-time, the sheep will be *butcher* fat. Have had no experience with herring. Let a flock of sheep come to the barn poor, and with a barrel of dried chum, for winter feed, to three sheep (a homœopathic daily allowance, you see) and at the time of shearing the sheep will be hog-fat; the lambs will come strong and vigorous, while the weight of fleece will be increased one-fifth.

Now as to the character of the porgie chum, which by no "manner of means," is that sloppy, nasty, horribly stinking stuff, so often offered in the market as the "simon pure" article, but is cured in this wise. The residuum, or hum is taken fresh from the oil press, evenly spread upon a rack, and sun dried. For the first 24 hours, it requires frequent stirring. With some three days of good hay-making weather, it is sufficiently cured to be barreled, when it will keep for years.

East Surry. SAMUEL WASSON.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Officers of Brunswick Agricultural, Horticultural and Floricultural Society.

President, Charles J. Gilman; Vice Presidents, Lemuel H. Stover and A. G. Poland; Secretary, B. R. Jordan; Treasurer, Isaac Plummer; H. C. Martin and H. B. Pinkham members of the Executive Committee of Brunswick Village; A. H. Curtis, Harpswell; Lewis Simpson, 2d, of the North Brunswick Farmers' Club. M.

Brunswick.

Cheese Factory in Dexter.

The Dexter Farmers' Club has been talking up the subject of a cheese factory, and at a meeting recently holden it was voted that such an association would be conducive to the improvement of agriculture in the town, and a committee consisting of Charles Crockett, S. P. Marble and Horace Jennings was appointed to draw up the papers for stock and to take such measures as will insure the establishment of the factory in season for early operations another spring. The farmers in the vicinity are alive to its importance and determined it shall be a success.

For the Maine Farmer.

Comparative Value of Cows.

Questions for Gen. Tilton.

The table in your issue of the 13th inst., giving the milk record of the cows belonging to the Togus farm is truly valuable. It is only as farmers are induced to keep the weight of milk from their cows that they are enabled to know the value of their present stock, and calculate the benefits to be derived by grading up towards a thoroughbred or replacing entirely with new animals. Let me first make a friendly criticism. The percentages of cream are given. Are we to understand these figures to mean the average of many trials, or of one trial, or of the most favorable trial? Also how long does the milk remain in the percentage glass before being read off? I hope we may have further particulars, including if possible, the weight of the cows. Undoubtedly Gen. Tilton keeps good cows, for from his reputation he could do no otherwise. The yield of his cows will therefore express certainly the average yield of a carefully selected herd of cows of the various breeds. But how does his table compare with estimated average yield?

Truth vs. Guess.

Hon. S. L. Goodale in his report on the Agriculture of Maine for 1862, gives five estimates of the yield of good native cows, ranging from 2580 quarts (the lowest) to 3180 quarts (the highest) and averaging 2826 quarts. He calls 2000 quarts not an extravagant estimate for annual yield. Gen. Tilton's best cow just about equals the poorest of these. Let us form a table:

Mr. Goodale's largest yield	3180 qts.
" lowest "	2580 "
" average "	2826 "
" average estimate	2000 "
Mr. Tilton's best grade yield	2590 "
" lowest " "	1323 "
" average " "	2063 "

We have here truth versus "guess;" and the fair minded farmer who gives to the public the actual yield of his carefully selected animals, has his facts compared disadvantageously with the guess work of an ignorant farmer. I know no quicker process for taking all the boasting out of a farmer who has now but "twenty quart" cows in his barn, than the application of the scales. Just so soon as a farmer adopts the plan of weighing his milk, does he find that his cows are not thriving quite as well this year as last. He soon realizes that the truth cannot compete with his previous "guess" and either improves his herd by weeding out the poorer cows, or keeps on his old course; but keeps also his yield to himself.

Keeping a Milk Record.

There is no herd of dairy cows in existence but that some cows are less valuable than others. The scale points out these variations, and the judgment of the farmer does the rest. The keeping a record is so readily done that it is surprising that the system is not adopted by every intelligent farmer. A pair of spring balances weighing two ounces, and milk pails of the same weight. As each cow is milked the pail is hung on the hook to the balance, and the weight recorded. It takes but a moment, and at a leisure hour the weight of the pail can be subtracted, or if the farmer prefers, the index to the scale can be set back on the dial just the weight of the pail, and then the observer reads off each time of milking the true weight.

Yield of Cows.

The probable average yield for each cow kept in the State of Maine is under 1200 quarts per cow. In the famed dairy region of New York it cannot be set over 1350 quarts. The average yield of the best dairies is not over 1800 quarts, although such dairies may attain 2300 quarts. The higher yields belong to the unintelligent farmer, the average yields are reduced by the ignorance of a multitude. The highest averages are in those regions where the milk is manufactured into cheese, or furnished directly to the milkman, for then the records of the buyer or manufacturer show conclusively how much milk is yielded by each herd tributary to him. Accordingly there is not only knowledge but rivalry of yield between neighbor and neighbor, and also the incentive of gain.

Advice to Dairy Farmers.

Let the farmers of Maine but introduce the system of associated dairies, and display that enterprise which is already in existence in neighboring States, and her rugged hills will be dotted through season with superior cows, and the knowledge bought by necessity will teach how and where to improve. But while awaiting this day, hasten its coming and improve your fortunes by increasing the dairy qualities of your stock. First adopt the plan of knowing accurately just how much your present stock will do for you, and then you will know what to do next. Whether you want the thoroughbred or not depends entirely upon what your native stock will do, and what will the thoroughbred. Knowing these two factors, it is easy to calculate the profit or loss, and decide. If your stock is yielding but the average amount, strive to increase the yield by a gradual and careful selection and weeding. If you can breed up heifers, use a thoroughbred bull of dairy stock, and note the result. If satisfied, as I know you will be, grade up to the thoroughbred as rapidly as possible.

I believe in a well bred animal. There is money in him, when he is associated with knowledge on the part of his owner. Examine your herds, and note what he has done for you. Your best cattle will show the infusion of foreign blood. If you disbelieve it, I can only say, *weigh your milk!* and repeat, WEIGH YOUR MILK! not for one week or a month, but by the year, and if you are not satisfied with the experience, you will have gained, you can tell why, in the columns of your own paper, the MAINE FARMER, to warn your neighbors from a process which leads to success.

E. LEWIS STURTEVANT.

Waushakum Farm, So. Framingham, Mass.

For the Maine Farmer.

Maine Dairymen's Association.

The principle of association is as old as the history of the human race. Members of nations have from the most remote ages associated themselves for mutual protection and benefit. Without this union the very existence of nations would be an impossibility. With what success his principle has been made use of in disseminating the different religious beliefs every one is familiar. Recognizing the truth of this principle and knowing the immense advantages that result from its adoption, the members of different kinds of business have, for a long time, bound themselves together under the name of Associations. The professions have their associations and so do the working men, the trades and manufactures. Farmers also have their gatherings, but to a very limited extent. There is hardly any business that is so deficient in organization. If they would unite as other professions do, it would be immensely to their benefit.

We are just entering upon a new era in our agricultural existence. Maine is to become a great dairying State. We have already made rapid progress in establishing associated dairying within our limits, and it bids fair to be of great benefit to the farmer and the State. Many are interested in it that have not yet launched into the business and are vainly looking around for information. Much that is offered is of very little practical benefit, because better adapted to other States than our own. Many mistakes have been made in this under taking because it was new and there was a lack of real practical information—information that should point out the errors as well as successes. Now in order not only to give this desired information, but to strengthen the business in the future and promote its highest success, we must resort to association.

The time has fully arrived when we should no longer be without a Dairymen's Association in Maine. We think such an organization might and should be formed in this State, this winter. We would therefore suggest that there be a meeting of delegates from the different cheese factory associations and all that are in any way concerned in dairying in the State, at Augusta or some other central place, during the month of January or February, for the purpose of organizing such an association; and at the same time the subject of Dairying in its various branches be disussed.

East Jefferson. JAMES W. NORTH, M. D.

Woman's Department.

For the Woman's Department.

What I Know of Housekeeping.

If you wish short biscuit without much shortening, do not knead them.

Do your husband's and brother's boots let water through them? Then apply tar and oil after being thourcughly mixed, and you will have no farther trouble.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, December 27, 1873.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.
$2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within Three Months of the date of Subscription.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. C. S. Ayer will canvas Knox county during the ensuing month.

An Appeal to our Patrons.

The publishers of the Maine Farmer regret to be obliged by the unusual stringency of the times, to make an appeal to their patrons. Many of our subscribers are in arrears for the paper, the aggregate indebtedness making a very large amount, which we sorely need at the present time to defray the heavy current expenses of publication. Will our friends consider us in this emergency by promptly remitting either wholly or in part, the amount due to this office.

As an inducement to an immediate compliance with this request, we renew the liberal offer made to our subscribers last year, of which we trust all concerned will take advantage, viz:

All persons in arrears who will send us the amount now due, at the rate of $2 per year and two dollars in addition, shall receive credit for all past indebtedness, and for a year's subscription in advance. THIS OFFER TO STAND OPEN UNTIL THE 15th OF JANUARY, 1874. All payments made at this office, or by mail, or to our authorized agents previous to that date, will be credited in accordance with the terms above stated.

Merry Christmas.

Thursday of this week is the first day of Christmas and is the day set down in the Church Calender as Christmas day proper. This compound word is made up of the words Christ and mass, the latter term being used in the Catholic churches to denote the communion service or the consecration and oblation of the host. In former times this festival was observed only by the Catholic churches, but its observance is now quite common by nearly all the churches in Christendom. The primary object of this festival was the commemoration of an event which transpired nearly nineteen centuries ago, and which in its effects upon the human race, is the most important event that ever occurred. We need hardly say that we refer to the birth of the Savior in Bethlehem of Judea.

It is by no means certain that the day fixed upon by the church for the observance of this festival, is the identical day of the month on which the Savior was born, for his early life is so veiled in obscurity that wise and learned men have diligently sought for the record of his birth, but in vain. Nor is it important for us to know the precise day of his advent, and since it cannot be known, the day fixed upon by the Catholic church and recognized by all Christendom is as appropriate as any other. It is not a fast but a feast, a day of rejoicing and of reciprocal good will one toward another. Hence arose the practice of bestowing gifts upon this day, a practice which prevails in all Christian countries, though the ceremonies observed on such occasions vary considerably among different peoples.

St. Nicholas, who is the patron saint of the young is said to have been the bishop of Myra, and died in the year 320. During his lifetime he was very liberal in the bestowal of gifts on Christmas day and the young were universally taught to revere him. It was after his death that he became to be regarded as the patron saint of the young and especially of the boys, and the popular fiction which represents him as the bearer of presents to children on Christmas is widely known. He is also the Santa Claus of the Dutch and the Kris Kringle of Sweden and other countries in Northern Europe. The practice of marking this festival by bestowing upon our friends and upon those with whom we are associated, tokens of our esteem and regard, and especially by remembering the poor and ministering to their necessities is highly appropriate and beautiful. All such acts of kindness and courtesy are humble imitations of the examples set by that great being whose birth we commemorate, and who freely bestowed such estimable gifts upon man.

That heavenly chorus which heralded the august event, with its glorious words of promise, though it has come down to us through the ages, is as potent to soften the hearts and elevate the hopes of man as when it was first heard by the Chaldean Shepherds on the plains of Judea, nearly nineteen centuries ago: "Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The custom of erecting Christmas trees in private houses and in churches, which originated in Northern Europe, has become common throughout Christendom, in all lands where, at this season, winter reigns and the festival cannot be held in the open air. In this latitude Christmas is so intimately associated with crisp cold weather and merry jingling bells, that without these accompaniments it would hardly seem like Christmas at all.

We trust that all our readers may enjoy the return of this festive season and while partaking of the general joy, may they not forget the source from whence all these blessings flow.

To the readers of the Farmer wherever they may be, we extend the compliments of the season and from our heart we wish them a "merry Christmas" and an abundance of all life's choicest blessings.

Documents Recovered. The *Whig* says that a few years ago an ineffectual attempt was made by the Legislature of this State to procure the records, plans, field notes, and other papers in the Land Office of Massachusetts pertaining to lands in Maine. Last winter at the suggestion of Hon. Mr. Burleigh, our State Land Agent, the Governor deputized Hon. A. W. Paine, to visit the Legislature of Massachusetts, then in session, to procure its assent to have these records and other papers passed over to the Land Office here. The effort was effectual and an act was accordingly passed directing the transfer, and the papers have been brought to Maine.

☞ Congress adjourned over the holidays without providing any relief for the treasury, and nearly a month must pass before anything can be done. In the meantime the reserves are being drawn upon to make up the deficit in meeting the current expenses of the Government and the currency of the country is thereby becoming inflated. It is therefore imperative with a due regard for the public credit that measures of relief should be passed without delay. A proper regard for the public good would have prevented this long recess.

☞ We learn that Hon. John L. Stevens of this city, late minister resident at Montevideo, has addressed a letter to Secretary Fish, urging the great need of a complete chain of organized steam transport of eight thousand miles from New York to the province of Matto Grosso, far up the river Paraguay in southwestern Brazil. He claims that the imperative interests of our commerce demand a semi-monthly line of superior steamers between New York and the Rio de la Plata, and gives reasons for the growing resources of the South American States.

City News and Gossip. The agent of the Sprague Cotton Mills in this city has received orders to start on full time next Monday. This is good news to the operatives as well as to our citizens generally.—W. P. Whitehouse has purchased the house on Grove street, lately owned and occupied by J. G. Adams and more recently occupied by Dr. Crooker. Mr. Whitehouse intends to repair and occupy the house in the spring.—The store of Plummer & Haskell on the East side was burglarized last week and about twenty-five dollars worth of goods stolen.—Major Fogler, Register of Deeds has invented a new method of indexing which promises to be a great improvement over the old system.—Mr. Charles Diplock has removed the snow from a space on the river opposite the city, intending it for a skating rink.—The Executive Committee of the State Sunday School Association, had a session in this city last week.—The schools in the Village District are having a vacation to continue two weeks, or over the holidays.—The Winthrop Street Universalist Sunday School is in a prosperous condition. A large number of new books have recently been added to their library and a new catalogue issued.—The grocery team of Longfellow & Sanborn loaded with supplies for their customers raided up Water street Saturday, but fortunately no great amount of damage was done.—Sarah Mitchell was sentenced to jail for thirty days for drunkenness by Judge True last week.—Charles Kimball and Samuel Hilton were arraigned for breaking into Plummer & Haskell's store and refusing to recognize were committed.—We understand that the scarlet fever is prevailing in some parts of the city.—The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Maine Insane Hospital will be held on Tuesday the 30th inst. The Board will consist of Dr. J. T. Gilman of Portland, Hon. A. G. Wakefield of Bangor, E. L. Pattengall, Esq., of Pembroke, H. A. Shorey, Esq., of Bridgton and Hon. E. W. Woodbury of Bethel.—We have had sharp crisp mornings during the past week, but considering the season the weather has been very favorable.—Good hay brings $15 per ton in market.—There is to be an unusual observance of Christmas among the churches in this city.—Andrew Maynard who recently died at the Soldiers' Home, left back pension amounting to $900 which is inherited by his indigent father in Lowell, Mass.

☞ The country would have been much better satisfied with the action of Congress if the salary bill had been promptly repealed before the holidays. But Congress has adjourned for several days and the question of repeal is yet in the future. The action of the lower branch of Congress with reference to this subject does not, by any means, justify the hopes that were entertained at the opening of the session.

The bill introduced by Mr. Hale of Maine, met with the demands of the case exactly, and for a few days there were strong indications that Congress would pass it. This bill provided for a repeal of the obnoxious measure, leaving it for the future action of Congress to remedy any defects which might exist in the old law.

A large number of amendments were at length offered and finally the House refused to second the previous question proposed by Mr. Hale and according to parliamentary usage he lost control of the subject. The bill was finally recommitted and Mr. Hale subsequently reported it in a new draft fixing the compensation of members at $5,500 per annum and actual travelling expenses. Mr. Hurlbut moved a substitute fixing the pay at $6,000 per annum, and Gen. Butler who seems to be the evil genius of the House, then took the floor and with ferocious satire attacked the members who had favored repeal, striking out right and left, accusing those who had returned their back pay of being cowards in dumping the money into the Treasury after they had felt the pulses of the irconstituents. At the close of his speech the Huribut amendment was adopted, a motion to reconsider made and tabled which fixes the action of the House beyond recall. The question has not yet been acted upon by the Senate and it is hoped that this body may refuse to concur with the action of the House and that the original bill offered Mr. Hale may yet be passed. Nothing will satisfy the demands of the country but the unconditional repeal of that odious law.

☞ It is always refreshing to see partizan papers rise above mere party politics in their appreciation of the character of political opponents. The following graceful compliment to Speaker Blaine from a late number of the Boston *Post*, the leading Democratic paper of New England, is alike honorable to the writer and to the distinguished subject of the notice:

It would be pleasant to believe that the graceful and patriotic speech made by Mr. Blaine upon receiving the flattering distinction of a third election as Speaker of the National House of Representatives, represents the tone of the body over which he has been called upon to preside. But if that is too much to hope, it is none the less due to acknowledge the confidence which his clearly stated position has inspired. His address was practical, but that was not its best feature in a time like this; for, wisely leaving political organization out of sight, he allowed himself to be led from sound premises by natural sequences to the broad and true ground that we are not or should not be working for partizan interests or the good of a few, but for the highest common good of the many. With a territory reaching from ocean to ocean, over which population is spreading with resistless sweep, and all represented by the body that Mr. Blaine was addressing, he could not have chosen a nobler or more appropriate watchword than "one country, one Constitution, one destiny." His words have been words of wisdom, and we may reasonably expect his actions to correspond. Certainly no one else in the Republican party could bring the experience that Mr. Blaine possesses to bear upon the now more than ever difficult and important work of his position, and it is gratifying to men of all parties and sections to find him rising, at such a time, above partisanship to a high level of statesmanship and patriotism. It is an example that must have a salutary effect, both in Congress and abroad among the people.

☞ Considerable discussion has been had with reference to the religious views of the late President Lincoln. In Ward Lamon's biography of Lincoln he gives the impression that he was a skeptic, which very much aroused the indignation of those who have adhered to the belief that the late President lived and died in the Christian faith. Now Mr. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's old law partner, has made this controversy the subject of a lyceum lecture in which he says: "Let it be written in history and on Mr. Lincoln's tomb, 'He died an unbeliever.'" Mr. Lincoln certainly lived a life consistent with an unfaltering trust in the overruling Providence of God and faith in the Christian religion, and this we hold to be far better and more convincing than any open profession of faith he could have made. This discussion, as it has been conducted, is not only unnecessary, but it is in exceeding bad taste.

The Sprague Affairs. Mr. Chaffee, the Trustee under the Sprague mortgage, announces that he is prepared to issue to creditors of the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Co., and of A. & W. Sprague, notes secured by deed of mortgage bearing date of Nov. 1, 1873, in exchange for their obligations. He expects that the Print Works and all the mills will, in the course of a few days, be running on full time. The Trustee wishes the creditors to understand that the repeal of or modification of the bankrupt act, will not alter or in any way affect the purpose of the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Co., or of A. & W. Sprague to pay their creditors in accordance with the terms of their trust deed, and they propose to stand upon that instrument which devotes all their property to the equal benefit of their creditors.

☞ The *Advertiser* understands that one of the oldest jewellers in Portland, who has been in business the past forty years, by the death of a relative comes into the possession of a legacy of $50,000, and by the death of another into a slice of a fortune of $75,000.

The Legislature. In less than two weeks the Legislature will assemble at the State House and the State Government for the year of 1874 will be duly re-organised. Governor Perham will have completed his third and last term, to be succeeded by Governor elect Dingley.

The indications are that but few changes in the heads of departments will be made, most of the present incumbents considering themselves entitled to at least another year. Mr. Caldwell will retire from the treasury department, being debarred by a constitutional provision, from holding another term. There are three candidates for the position to be vacated, and it is quite certain that two of them will not succeed. They are S. C. Hatch of Bangor, Frederick Robie of Gorham and A. H. S. Davis of the Farmington *Chronicle*. Mr. Stacy will doubtless be re-elected Secretary of State, Gen. Plaisted Attorney General and Gen. Murray has no competitor for the Department of War.

For Land Agent, it is understood that Mr. Burleigh is a candidate for re-election, and will have a competitor in the person of A. O. Ingersol of Lincoln. If it is determined to abolish the office at the end of the next year, it is not probable that any change will be made this year, in which case Mr. Burleigh will be "the last of the Land Agents."

In the organization of the two branches of the Legislature several changes will necessarily occur. In the popular branch it is understood that W. W. Thomas, Jr., of Portland, is the coming man for Speaker.

S. J. Chadbourne of Dixmont, is not known to have any competitor for Clerk. The Assistant Clerk of last session having been appointed to a place in the State Department, the candidates for the vacancy, are Stanley Plummer of Bangor and Oramandal Smith of Litchfield, and perhaps others.

In the Senate the candidates for President are J. E. Butler of Biddeford and H. H. Burgess of Portland. Each of these gentlemen is serving his second term in the Senate. We are not aware that S. W. Lane of Augusta, has any one to compete with for the Secretaryship of the Senate. We have heard of no prominent candidates for Assistant Secretary, but when the time comes the office will not go begging. The old messengers and assistants of both the House and Senate will be candidates for re-election, while we hear of several new men who aspire to those positions.

Of the present Councillors four are candidates for re-election, viz.: F. N. Dow of Cumberland, E. A. Thompson of Piscataquis, L. L. Wadsworth of Washington and R. W. Files of Waldo. Of these Mr. Dow has a competitor in the person of Luther Billings of Bridgton. M. V. B. Chase retires for some gentleman from Somerset, and Albert N. Greenwood of Fairfield is said to be a candidate. John R. Palsifer who has served three years, will be succeeded by some one from Hancock. We hear of several candidates for the succession, among whom are Wm. Grindle, Jr., a former councillor, and Wm. E. Hadlock and S. T. Hincks, both of whom have been in the Senate. A York county man will succeed Mr. Harlow of Oxford, and Mr. O'Brien, formerly of the Senate, is the one most spoken of.

We understand that there are a large number of persons who are anxious to become members of the Governor's military family, and in their zeal to serve their country in "the tented field" some of the aspirants are not only clamoring for the place but are bringing political influence to bear in order to secure it. As this is a personal matter with the Governor, modesty and good taste would seem to dictate that the proper way is to wait until an invitation is extended, but modern politicians do not recognize the virtue of these. It may be that Gov. Dingley will have independence enough to select his own military staff, instead of allowing it to be selected for him.

But the *personal* of none of these numerous offices have any special interest to the general reader, provided only that they are filled with honest and capable men. It is the doings of the Legislature with which our readers are more particularly interested, and as in previous sessions, we shall give them weekly abstracts, embracing all that is of importance.

The Universal Bath. There need be no argument in regard to the utility, not to say the necessity of the frequent use of the bath as a means of promoting cleanliness and of preserving and restoring health. This is a point upon which even doctors, who differ upon almost everything else, do not disagree: that a regular and judicious use of warm or cold water for bathing, is a preventive and cure of many diseases; that many forms of serious and distressing sickness with which many persons are afflicted during a long course of years, would be almost unknown among us, and the suffering from incurable diseases greatly mitigated, were these opportunities for their use more generally and conveniently within reach of the community. It is well known that physicians would more frequently order baths, as the best means of treatment in a variety of cases, were it practical for those patients to procure them.

We are led to speak of this subject from the fact of the recent introduction among us of the Universal Bath, invented by E. J. Knowlton of Ann Arbor, Michigan. It is a rubber coated trough, or sack, in form of a common metalic bath tub, supported by, or rather suspended from a wooden rim, resembling in shape the top edges of the metalic tub. It combines the advantages of all the different portable baths with what is especially desirable, a comparatively moderate cost. Few persons are willing or able to incur the expense of from one to four hundred dollars for a bath room, with tubs, vats, pipes, heating fixtures, &c. The Universal Bath in its practical workings, is not only a substitute for the ordinary metalic sits or hip, hot and trough bath, but is superior to them in many respects. It is soft and pliable, and consequently more pleasant to use; takes less water for a full bath, is less liable to spill water, lighter, more easily transported, used and emptied, and far more convenient and tidy to stow away. We have used it ourself, and therefore feel confident to speak of its manifold advantages and benefits, in common with others of our citizens (including several physicians) who have purchased of the agent, Mr. N. K. Chadwick of Gardiner, and are in the frequent use of it for themselves and their families. The price of the Universal Bath is $25.

☞ The Northern Border says the Katahdin Iron Works are producing 6 tons of pig iron per day. When in working order there is no cessation of labor, day or night, two crews being employed. Over 1000 bushels of charcoal are daily consumed. This coal is made in large brick kilns near the works, of which there are 7, each holding 50 cords of wood. In furnishing the wood for the next season 100 men and 50 horses are employed. The company owns 23,000 acres of heavily wooded lands, enough for a supply for all future time. These important works will eventually make very considerable settlements in what is now almost unbroken wilderness.

☞ The Waterville *Mail* tells how an accident was averted on the Maine Central the other night by Conductor West. His engine broke down and he went back to stop the Pullman train. The air was full of snow and the engineer failed to see the signal; but West was equal to the occasion, and finding gentle measures of no avail he jumped to the bank, and as the engine was passing at full speed he dashed his lantern into the cab, giving the occupants a hint that something was the matter, and they pulled up.

☞ The officers of Riverside Lodge No. 135, at Jefferson, have been installed by Post Master S. J. Bond: E. B. Benner, H. M.; J. J. A. Hoffies, S. W.; G. Pitcher, J. W.; H. Ames, T.; A. Richardson, Sec.; J. J. Bond, S. D.; A. L. Farrow, J. D.; A. A. Ames, S. S.; S. Binal, J. S.; J. Johnson, Tyler; A. D. Clark, Chaplain; O. F. Glidden, Marshall.

Brief Editorials.

A novel official fraud has been discovered in Brooklyn, New York, which adds another to the long list of modern crimes. A coroner has defrauded the city of large sums of money by reporting and obtaining fees for inquests which were never held. These inquisition papers were made out on physicians' certificates, which were either forged or else physicians were parties to the fraud. The facts in the case will be more fully determined by an investigation which is now going on. It is also said that within three years, over six hundred cases of small pox have been charged and paid for, which never occurred.

The latest news from Santo Domingo, indicate that the rebellion has been successful and that President Baez has been deposed. Persons interested in the Samana Bay Company have been fearful that their interest might be affected by a change in the Government of the Island, but it is now understood that the provisional Government which has been formed, is not opposed to the terms of the treaty with the Company, but are desirous of fulfilling all been received by the Company by which all their rights under the treaty are guaranteed.

In response to petitions numerously signed, bills have been introduced into Congress providing for the appointment of a commission whose duty it shall be to enquire into the effects of the liquor traffic upon the health, morals and business of the country, and make a report of their observations to Congress. If the bill passes, as doubtless it will, and men are appointed who are interested in this subject, a valuable report may be expected. The cry raised against the measure on the grounds that it will only create offices for three or four men at high salaries, is without cause, for the bill expressly provides that the members of the commission shall serve without compensation, which is also in accordance with the wishes of the petitioners. This investigation probably looks to some change in the laws respecting the importation of alcoholic liquors.

Attorney General Barlow has informed A. Oakey Hall, late Mayor of New York, that his new trial on the Ring indictments will commence Dec. 22d. It will be remembered that at the last trial the jury failed to agree, standing seven for conviction and five for acquittal. It is said that new and important evidence has been discovered, which will be brought out on this trial and will be quite likely to turn the balance against Hall. Mr. E. A. Woodward who has been hidden away for the past two years, has been discovered and has promised to tell all he knows on the subject. This Woodward was a sort of go-between in the division of the spoils among the ring thieves, and is therefore presumed to know how the spoils were divided and by whom received. The conviction of Tweed foreshadows the fate of all the prominent leaders in the wholesale plunder which they successfully carried on in New York for several years. The majesty of the law is being asserted.

The difficulty with Spain may be regarded as practically settled. The Castelar Government is deserving of great credit for the prompt and honorable manner in which the first two points in the protocol have been complied with. The Virginius was promptly surrendered on the sixteenth, and has arrived in an American port. The surviving prisoners have also been delivered up to the United States war ship Juniata, and are beyond the reach of violence from the brutal volunteers of Cuba. The salute to the American flag will probably not take place as this was conditioned upon the ability of the Spanish Government to prove that the Virginius had no right to carry the American flag. There is now no doubt that the Spanish minister has been able to show that the American register was fraudulently obtained and that for two years the Virginius had been an outlaw and not entitled to American protection. As her papers were in due form when she was captured, it was highly proper that her surrender should be demanded, but if her papers were obtained by fraud, the salute cannot well be insisted upon.

The nomination of Mr. Williams as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States will not be confirmed until the re-assembling of Congress after the holidays, and there is a possibility that the Senate may not confirm him at all. When the nomination was first announced, doubts of his qualification for the high position seemed to be very general, and papers of the most partizan character had but little to say in his behalf. Now it is announced that charges of a grave character have been preferred against him in connection with political matters in Oregon. The precise nature of these charges have not been made public, but the Judiciary Committee of the Senate considered them of sufficient importance to ask that the nomination might be re-committed, after they had reported favorably. They also asked for permission to send for persons and papers. This delay must be regarded as unfavorable to his confirmation, and it it is not improbable that the President may withdraw the nomination.

Judging from the tone of the Cuban papers, the people of the "Queen of the Antilles" are not well pleased with the late message of President Grant, especially with those portions which relate to the capture of the Virginius. One paper says that he assumes a sort of protectorate or guardianship over Spain which should make even the pusilanimous blush, and goes on to say that they prefer death to dishonor. Of that part referring to Cuban affairs the *Voice of Cuba* says: "This is nothing that resembles those dignified documents elevated in the views and language, in which the Chief Magistrates of the Republic, are accustomed to give an account, to the nation of its internal and external relations." "It seems impossible" says the *Voice*, "that Fish could advise or consent to such a document." The same paper then goes on to say: "The interior affairs of the Spanish provinces are not under his jurisdiction, and surely he ought not to treat them in a manner as far removed from truth as from decorum. Let President Grant demand the surrender of the Virginius, if his conscience permits, but he must let alone political parties and interior matters of our country, things which are never to be meddled with. He should remember that no nation is more jealous than the American of similar interference, and, as the pretensions of Great Britain were the prime cause of the war of 1812, we, imitating the noble conduct of the Americans at that time, are resolved to die if we cannot conquer, before allowing such interference and tutelage."

☞ Eben Wentworth, Esq., of Portland, has been elected by the Trustees of the Reform School as Superintendent of that Institution. In speaking of the choice of Mr. Wentworth, the Portland Press says:

"The choice of Eben Wentworth as Superintendent of the Reform School is a good thing for that Institution, but his acceptance of the position is a very unfortunate thing for the North School, of which he has long been Principal, and which owes much of its high reputation to his efficient, practical and capable management. He is a good deal of a man and will do well in whatever capacity he is called to act. He will take charge of the Reform School on the first of February.

☞ The *Kennebec Journal* is informed that a lady residing in Jefferson, while riding to this city, recently, on passing a lonely portion of the road, was rudely assaulted by two ruffians; one of whom seized the horse by the bridle—while the other, approaching in an abrupt and menacing manner, demanded her money! "Be gone—audacious villains," exclaimed the lady, "or I will instantly put a bullet through you!"—at the same time making a movement as if drawing a pistol from her dress. This had the desired effect. The scamps instantly fled, leaving her mistress of the situation; but so weak as to be almost incapable of managing her horse.

The Paradise of the Pacific Coast.

Our old townsman and friend, Daniel T. Pike, Esq., with his family, is spending the winter, for the benefit of his health, at Santa Barbara, California. From the enthusiasm with which he writes of the climate and productions of this semi-tropical paradise, we should imagine he was living and luxuriating in the veritable garden whence our first parents were banished, wherein we are told, grew "every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed." We take the liberty of copying from a private letter recently received from Mr. Pike, some glowing passages descriptive of the wonderful variety and richness which characterizes the vegetable growth of this Eden of the Pacific coast—a fertility perhaps only equalled by the pen of the ready writer to whom we are indebted for the following interesting description:—

"And if unable to describe California at large, how can I be expected to speak at all of *Santa Barbara*—the garden of the State—the Paradise of the Universe! Nor pen nor pencil can do justice to this lovely city—to the beauty of its location, sheltered by mountains on three sides, and fanned by the soft breezes of the Pacific (placid as Lake Leman) on the other—to the balminess of its atmosphere—to its cloudless skies, more than Italian in their cerulean hue—and to the resplendent sunshine, in which it is almost constantly bathed. To its magnificent slopes, its grand plateaux, its graceful foot hills and noble mountains by which it is nearly encircled. And then of the extent and variety of its wonderful productions, agricultural, pomological and otherwise. Who can describe these? Think of Squashes as big as flour-barrels, so thick upon the ground, in fields of any extent, that one can walk all over them, stepping from squash to squash, without once touching the earth! Think of Beets, as large as churns, weighing from fifty to one hundred pounds! Think of Tomatoes raised from the same vines for three consecutive years, and bearing continuously the year round! Think of Sweet Potatoes as long as a pump-handle, and twice as big round, yielding an incredible number of bushels to the acre! Think of a grapevine five feet in circumference at the trunk, its out-spreading branches covering nearly a quarter of an acre, and yielding over four thousand pounds of fruit annually! Think of the Century plant, with its flower-stalk thirty-five feet high, and measuring eighteen inches in diameter at its base! Think of the fig tree, bearing in two years from its cutting, and yielding a succession of crops for nearly the whole year! Think of the Accacia tree, eighteen months from the seed, more than fifteen feet high, with a trunk six inches in diameter, the spread of its branches at the base more than forty feet in circumference, and covered with a mass of golden flowers! Think of the Lauristenus, as large as our lilacs at home, grown for hedges—of an Abutilon twenty feet in height—of Geraniums multitudenous in variety, growing in monstrous masses, and blooming the year round—of Tea Roses, trained as standards, ten feet high and in constant bloom, and among them the famous "Cloth of Gold."—Of Heliotropes and Verbenas, every variety and hue, flowering out of door twelve months in the year! Think! O, think! of the orange, the lemon, the fig, the pine-apple, the olive, the guava, the banana, the date, the paw-paw, the cocoa-nut, the pomegranate, the almond, the apricot, etc., growing side by side with the grape, the apple, the pear, the peach, the plum in all its variety! Think of strawberries, large and luscious, the year round! And now think of the Redwood of the North growing side by side with the "Cedar of Lebanon" of the Scriptures; of the Pine of Australia with the Fine of New England; of the Cypress of Monterey with the Cypress of Japan. Think of the "Pride of India," a tree of graceful form and magnificent foliage; of the India Rubber tree, with its smooth, waxen leaves; of the Palm Tree, in all its varieties, with its distinctly tropical form and feature; of the Eucalyptus, otherwise the Blue Gum Tree of Australia, a beautiful shade tree of marvellously rapid growth; of the graceful Pepper tree, with its splendid green foliage and scarlet berries; of the pleasing Accacia, in almost endless variety, so graceful as a shade, with its sweet-scented flowers; of the peerless Malva, beautiful in form, rich in foliage, and resplendent with flowers; of the Bay Tree (whence Bay Rum), modest in mien, with its rich green, glossy leaf. Think of all these trees, shrubs and plants, (and more,) growing within a single enclosure of some fifteen or twenty acres, and ponder, long and profoundly, upon the marvelous, the almost incredible productiveness of California in general, and of Santa Barbara in particular."

[Lest the reader should deem this picture over-drawn, it will be as well in justice to the writer to explain that the description refers to the extensive and elegant grounds of Col. Bond in Montecito Valley, Santa Barbara county, where all the wonderful things he enumerates are to be seen. It is an exceptional place; there are but few equal to it in California, and it will probably be many years before the culture of semi-tropical fruits and flowers will become general and successful; but it shows what it is capable of becoming under American taste and enterprise, with such a soil and climate.]

County Items. An order has been given in Philadelphia by the M. C. R. R. for the construction of an iron bridge to be placed across the Kennebec, from Winslow to Waterville.—The Gardiner *Journal* says on Tuesday a lad, about nine years of age, named Keenan, while sliding near the lower dam, broke through the ice and would have been drowned, had not his sister, aged sixteen, gone to the rescue. She in turn would have drowned had not William Brown and James Dill gone to their assistance.—The Kennebec County Commissioners have received from the proprietors of the toll bridge at Fairfield, an offer in writing to surrender their bridge to the counties of Kennebec and Somerset, to be hereafter owned by these counties and maintained at their expense.—A circular has been issued by the Secretary of the Hallowell Classical and Scientific Academy, making a statement of the advantages of the institution, which opens on the 5th of January, 1874.—The Kennebec *Journal* says that Erastus Marr was drowned in Sheepscot Pond, Palermo Centre, on Monday, the 8th inst. On Wednesday, as Mr. S. B. Jones was fishing in the pond the fishing hook caught upon the clothing of the deceased and the body was drawn to the surface and secured. The body was lying in the pond at the depth of nine feet.—It has been stated that all the Gardiner saw mills are shut down. This is not true, nor has it been at any time. Jewett, Mitchell and Gray are running.—The *Mail* says that the barn of Hiram Cornforth, of West Waterville, was set on fire, one morning last week, by a boy living with a neighbor, who said that a man hired him to do it for a hundred dollars. The fire was extinguished before much harm was done.—It cost the town of Wayne $2455 (the verdict of a jury) to settle a case of damages sustained by a defective highway, which could have been settled the week before trial for $420, but which the town refused.—Friend Eli Jones has gone to Oldtown, to hold a series of meetings with the Penobscot tribe of Indians. He is always welcome wherever he goes to preach.—The new Baptist church at North Vassalboro' will be dedicated about the seventh of next month. It is a very beautiful and commodious edifice. Many friends outside of the town have assisted in furnishing means for its construction.—The opinion is expressed by the *Reporter* that Mrs. J. M. Osgood "is one of the sweetest singers that ever greeted a Gardiner audience."—The *Journal* says that the Gardiner Spring Factory and Axle Factory, are running full crews on full time—and so are all the paper mills.—Wells & Richardson of Clinton, have bought fifteen hundred tons of hay this season, for which they have paid $12 per ton.

Another Old Landmark Gone. On and after December 26th the line of stages from Portland to Gray will be discontinued, mail route No. 126, from Portland to Gray having been abolished, the offices on the line to be supplied by the Maine Central R. R. Co., whose service has been extended from Danville Junction to Portland.

This Gray line of stages has been running beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and it is the last but one of the stage lines, which have all been superseded by the iron horse. The only remaining line of horse coaches is that from Portland to Bridgton, which is owned and run by the Eastern Express Company.

Editor's Table.

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of the following new publications all of which may be found at the Bookstore of Horace North in Augusta:

A Man of Honor. By George Cary Eggleston: 12 mo. pp. 222, 1874. New York: published by Orange Judd & Co.

The author dedicates his work "To Marian My Wife;" and says in his brief preface that he has long been curious to know whether he can write a good story, and thinks he shall be likely to know after reading the criticisms on this volume. The writer of this volume is not entirely unknown to fame, as several of his stories have already been before the reading public and have been pronounced good. We think the same verdict will be rendered in case of the one now under consideration.

Seven Historic Ages of Man, or Talks About Kings, Queens and Barbarians: By Arthur Gilman, M. A., author of "First Steps in English Literature," &c. Published by Hurd & Houghton, Boston.

In this little volume an attempt is made to present a series of grand events in the history of the world from the Golden Age of Greece to the Palmy Days of France. In a volume of this size the sketches can be little more than suggestive, yet their perusal will afford healthful pleasure and educational stimulus to the reader.

The Stone Age, Past and Present. By E. B Tyler, and Theory of a Nervous Ether, by Dr. Richardson. This is No. 9 of Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science. Edited by Dana Estes and published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

The publishers deserve the thanks of the public for this series of articles on scientific subjects, which is furnished at so low a price as to be within the reach of all. There is a growing interest in these studies, among the masses, which is witnessed by the great popularity of this work.

Home Nook; or, The Crown of Duty. By Amanda M. Douglass; 12 mo., pp. 384. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

This is a nice story, embracing scenes and incidents in domestic life, and will add very much to the reputation of this already popular authoress.

Miss Thistledown. By Sophia May. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Here we have another volume of the "Little Prudy's Fly-away Series," which has become so popular with juvenile readers. This will make a very acceptable Christmas present for the young reader.

The Temperance Drama. A series of Dramas, Comedies and Farces for Temperance Exhibitions and Home and School entertainment. By Geo M. Baker. Boston: Published by Lee and Shepard.

This is a timely little volume and may be made very useful in advancing the cause of temperance by showing up the degrading effects of indulgence in strong drink. It includes among others, the well known dramas of the "Little Brown Jug," "Seeing the Elephant," and the "Last Loaf."

Rhoda Thornton's Girlhood. By Mrs. Mary E Pratt. Boston: Lee & Sheppard, 1874.

In a brief note in the Preface, John G. Whittier the well-known Quaker poet says: "I have read some chapters of this serial story with great satisfaction. It strikes me as a very successful picture of New England life in its local coloring and characterization.

A Stout Heart; or, The Student from Over the Sea. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers.

This is another volume of the "Whispering Pine" series which have been so universally popular among juvenile readers. No commendations of ours can possibly add anything to the popularity of this author's productions.

Aunt Jo's Scrap Book, Cupid and Chaw-Chaw, etc. By Louis M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1874.

This is a seasonable book for juveniles, and will make an appropriate Christmas present. An idea of the work may be gathered from the titles of some of the chapters which are as follows: Cupid and Chaw-Chaw; Hucklebury; Nelly's Hospital; Grandma's Plot; The Nass People &c. The book may be found at the store of J. Frank Pierce.

Fearful Collision on the Eastern Railroad. A terrible collision occurred on the Eastern Railroad near Kennebunk on Saturday evening, resulting in the instant death of three men, the severe wounding of two others and the destruction of three locomotives and of other rolling stock. The circumstances of this sad casualty, so far as we have been able to learn, are substantially as follows: The freight train of Saturday evening going West, in charge of Albert Bisbee of Saco, consisted of forty-seven cars drawn by two engines. The night was dark and stormy and soon after passing Day's siding in Kennebunk, the conductor found that his train had separated and that a portion of it was some distance behind. As they were going down grade, the conductor feared that the detached portion might strike the rear of the main train, and so he ordered steam put on and went to Kennebunk, when finding the stray cars had stopped, he reversed and started back for them. Before leaving the depot he directed the operator, a boy sixteen years old, to put out danger signals and not allow any train to pass from the opposite direction. Soon after Bisbee's train backed away from the depot a freight train going East arrived and was stopped by the danger signals.

After waiting twenty minutes the signals were taken in and the train was directed by the operator to proceed. It seems that the operator had telegraphed to the train despatcher at Portsmouth, asking if he should detain the train at Kennebunk, without stating any of the reasons why it had been stopped, and received answer to let the train proceed. In the meantime Bisbee had secured his missing cars and was toiling up the rising grade, when the Boston train came driving along through the sleet and rain and in a short time there was a fearful concussion and three powerful engines were scattered in fragments, and over seventy cars were thrown from the track and piled one upon another. The brakemen who were uninjured clambered out from the ruins and hastened to the place of collision. They found the body of A. W. Sherburn, fireman on the Mattawamkeag, stretched beside the track terribly mangled, and near him an arm of Milo Felch, another fireman. They also found the bodies of Conductor Bisbee and Felch, both of them being terribly mutilated.

In addition to those killed, Frank Knight, fireman, had his leg and arm badly injured and Theodore Davidson, engineer, had his leg crushed. On the Mattawamkeag which was one of the engines hauling Bisbee's train at the time of the collision, was Conductor Bisbee, engineer Gowen, Sherburn, fireman, and a stranger. When the stranger saw the head light of the locomotive approaching and almost upon them, he leaped from the engine and escaped without injury. Gowen also saw the danger, reversed his engine and jumped for his life. Davidson, engineer of the rear locomotive was thrown about sixteen feet over a ditch and his fireman Felch was instantly killed.

Conductor Bisbee of Saco was thirty years of age, and was to have been married on Christmas day. Felch was 34 years old and belonged in Seabrook, and Sherburn belonged in Sanford and was 35 years old. Besides the loss of life, the damage to the Eastern road must be heavy. One of the engines was a splendid new anthracite burner and cost $27,000. Coroner J. W. Sargent of Kennebunk, summoned a jury of inquest and the investigation commenced Monday morning.

The testimony before the inquest differs in some material points from the above statements. The conductor of the train moving east says that no danger signals were displayed when he arrived at Kennebunk, but that he stopped there for wood and water as was his usual custom. He says he asked the operator if he had any orders for him, and was answered that he had none. To the question with reference to the whereabouts of the other train, he says the operator answered that it was near Day's Siding. The inquest will continue for several days and a thorough investigation will be had.

Items of Maine News.

The Register says Sheriff Stacy of Paris, is ill with lung fever.

Pressed hay is selling in Belfast at $10 to $17.

Potatoes are selling at 60 cents.

Snow is two and one half feet deep in Franklin County.

The poultry show at Bangor closed Thursday evening. More than 150 coops of fowls were exhibited.

The P. & O. will be built through the mountains and Portland will get the "lion's share" of the business.

There are only 129 convicts now in the Maine State Prison—the smallest number for some years.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 24.

At market for the current week—Cattle 1614; Sheep and Lambs 5,794; Swine 14,860; number of Western Cattle 1203. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 425; Eastern Cattle, 00

Prices of Beef Cattle, per 100 lbs, live weight, extra quality $7 00@7 25; first quality $6 50@6 87½. Second quality $5 75@6 37½; third quality $4@5 50; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3@5 25.

Brighton Hides—7½@8c per lb. Brighton Tallow 5c per lb.

Country Hides—6½c per lb. Country Tallow 4½c per lb.

Calf Skins—16@18c per lb. Sheep Skins $1 25 each.

The supply of Cattle in market for the week was lighter than has been offered for any one week for several months past. The trade has been dull and prices obtained were about the same as those of last market. Cattle were a few lots of very nice Beeves, for which 7½@8c per lb. l. w. was obtained. The quality of those from the West was not much different from those in market one week ago.

Working Oxen—But few pairs in market. Not much call for them. A few pairs each week is all the market requires this season of the year. We quote sales of 1 pair at $180; 1 pr 7f., $185. 1 pr 6f. 8in. $170; 1 pr 6ft 7in, $145; 1 pr 6ft 6in, $150; 1 pr 6ft 4in, $125.

Store Cattle—Yearlings $11@16; 2-year olds $15@23; 3-year old's $23@47 per head. Most of the small Cattle brought into market that are in a fair condition are bought up for Beef.

Milch Cows—We quote extra at $75@90; ordinary $20@50. Most of the Cows offered in market for sale are of a common grade. But a few extra or fancy breed of Cows offered in market.

Sheep and Lambs—From the West the supply was not so large as that of one week ago, all owned by butchers, and cost, delivered at Brighton, 6½@7½c per lb. A few extra ones cost as high as 8c per lb.

Swine—Store Pigs—Wholesale 6@6½c; retail 6@7c per lb. Fat Hogs—14,300 in market. Prices 5½@6½ per lb.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, Dec. 24.

The wool market has again been quite active, although sales show some falling off from previous weeks, but prices continue to be well sustained and are gradually tending upward. The sales include 575,000 lbs fleeces at 51@57c for Ohio and Pennsylvania, and 45@53c for Wisconsin and Michigan; 225,000 lbs super and X pulled at 39@50c, mostly at 40@45c per lb; 275,000 lbs spring and fall California at 15@30c for fall and 23@33c for spring; 26,000 lbs Oregon at 31@40c; 22,000 lbs tub at 49@58c; 100,000 lbs new seed at 20@40c; 4,00 lbs washed combing at 55@57c; 15,000 lbs delained at 40@47½c; 10,000 lbs scoured at 55@90c; and 25,000 lbs Noils at 35@45c per lb.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, Dec. 24.

Flour and Grain—The market for Flour is steady and firm, with a fair demand; we quote:

Western superfine at $5 50@6 00; common extras at $6 75@7 00; Milwaukee and Minnesota extras at 7 00@8 50; white wheat Ohio Indiana and Michigan at $7 50@9 00; Illinois at $[illegible]; and St. Louis at $[illegible] per bbl. Southern Flour is quiet at $6@11 ⅌ bbl. for common extra and choice family; and fancy Minnesota at $10 00@14 00 ⅌ bbl. Corn is firm at 85@87c ⅌ bush, for mixed and yellow. Oats are firm at 58@61c ⅌ bush for brown and white. Rye $1@1 10 ⅌ bush. Shorts $25 00; Fine Feed and Middlings at $26@28 ⅌ ton.

Provisions—Pork is steady, sales at $13@14 for prime; $ 00@17 for mess; and $18 00@19 per bbl for clear. Beef ranges from $11@14 00 mess and extra mess, and $15@16 per bbl for family. Lard is held per lb for city and Western; and smoked Hams 9@11c per lb. Butter sells at 25@35c per lb; and Cheese from 10@14c per lb, according to quality.

Produce—Beans have been in good demand at $2 25@2 30 ⅌ bush for medium; and extra Pea at $2 65@2 75 ⅌ bush. Eggs have been selling at 30@32c ⅌ doz. Potatoes have been in fair demand at 50@55c for Jackson Whites, and 60@65c for Early Rose. Onions are firm at 4½ ⅌ lb. The trade in cod and scrap has been quite a godsend to Poultry dealers, and prices have advanced 50 ⅌ lb for all fresh and desirable lots. Some inferior stuff has been sold at 8@10c, and good and choice at 15@16c ⅌ lb.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.

Cotton.—Sales 2279 bales—middling uplands $16

Flour—Sales 10,500 bbls—State $5 00@7 30; Round Hoop Ohio, $6 30@8 25; Western, $5 60@8 00; Southern $6 75@1 00.

Wheat—Sales 112,000 bushels—No. 3 spring 1 50, No 2 $1 59@1 60; Winter Red and Amber Western $1 56@1 61.

Corn—Sales 61,000 bushels—new, 80@83.

Oats—Sales 56,000 bush. — Western 58@59.

Pork—Mess, $16 —.

Lard—5½; kettle, 9; steam, 8½.

Sugar—Refining, 7½; No. 12 Dc., 8¼ —

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.

Money was in light demand to-day, as nearly all the brokers had supplied their wants over to Friday. Call loans ranged from 7@6 ⅌ cent. Prime business notes were in demand at 8@10 ⅌ cent. and some very choice names at 7 ⅌ cent.

Gold weak, with sales at 110¼, 109½, 110 and 109¾, closing at 110.

Governments firmer and in good demand at higher rates.

United States Sixes (coupons) 1881, 118½; 5.20's 1862, 112; 1864, 113¾; 1865, 114½; 1865, (January and July) 116¾; 1867, 117; 1868, 117; New 5's, 104; 10-40's (coupons), 111.

Augusta City Market.

THURSDAY, Dec. 25.

Apples—Cooking, 75@90c; Baldwins and Greenings, $4@5 00 ⅌ bbl.

Butter—Winter made, good quality, 28@30c; choice lots of fall butter in balls or round, 33@35c.

Beans—Choice pea, cans, clean and nice, $2 75@3; yellow eyes, $2 50@2 75.

Cranberries—From native vines $9 00 per bbl; Cape Cod cranberries, $10,00@12,00.

Cheese—Choice Lincolnmore and Factory made 15@16c; common country 14@16c.

Flour—Superfine to common extra, $8 50@9 00; good $9 00@10 00; choice Western $9 50@10 50; St. Louis favorite brands $13 00@13 50.

Grain—We report another advance in corn, and quote at retail $1 05, in lots of $1 07 bush; barley, 75@80c and none offered; oats, 65@70c; rye, $1. none offered.

Hay—The market has been well supplied the past week; sales being made at $14@16 ⅌ ton; straw, $7@8 ⅌ ton.

Hides and Skins—Hides, 7c ⅌ lb; calf skins, 13@15c; deacons, 25@30c each; wool skins, $1@1 50 according to quality.

Lime—$1 50 ⅌ cask.

Meal—Corn, $1@1 05 ⅌ bush; rye, (none in market) $1 ⅌ bush.

Produce—Potatoes, 60@65c; eggs in fair supply at 30@32c; leaf lard, 15c; pot lard, 12c.

Shorts—$2.00 per 100 lbs.

Seeds—Nominal.

Provisions—Beef by the side 8@10c; clear salt pork $20 00; fowl 10@11c; hams (domestic) 14@15c; spring chickens 16@18c; turkeys 22@25; mutton 6@7 ⅌ carcass; round hogs, 6c; geese, 10@13c; ducks, 10@14c ⅌ lb.

Wool—A slight advance is reported, and we quote medium to fine, 4 @45c; unwashed 1@ off.

Wood—Hard wood $6@8 ⅌ cord; mill wood, delivered, $4 ⅌ cord.

NOTE. Business is brisk in our city, market well supplied with country produce, and we hear few complaints of dull times.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 24.

Apples—Green $3 50@$5 00; Dried 8@12c for Western; Eastern, none.

Beans—We quote hand-picked pea beans at $3 12@3 37 yellow eyes at $3 75@3 25.

Butter—Is selling at 25@37 cents for family. Store is selling from 18@20c.

Cheese—New Factory is selling at 15 to 16. Vermont and New York Dairy is worth 12@13.

Fish—We quote Large shore, $5 25@5 50; large bank, $4 00@4 50; small, $2 25@3 00; pollock $2 25@3 00; hake, $1 37½ per quint; herring, $3 50@4 50 per barrel; scaled per box, 22@27; mackerel, per bbl; Bay, No. 3 to 1 $19 00@19 50; shore, No. 1 and 2, $23@25 00.

Flour—We quote Superfine, $5 50@6 00; Spring X and XX, $6 25@8 00; Michigan Winter X and XX, $5 50@8 75; Illinois X and XX $6 75@9 50; St. Louis X and XX, $8 00@11 00.

Grain—We quote mixed corn at 80@90c, and yellow 90@92c. Oats are worth 62@63c, fine feed at 53@52 per ton, and shorts at $25@3 per ton.

Hay—Loose, $14@20 per ton for prime new and old. Pressed is selling at from $16 to $18. Baled straw is selling at $10@12 per ton for prime.

Lard—Prime Western, per tierce, 9½@9c per lb; per keg 9c.

Plaster—White per ton, $3 25; blue, $3 00; Ground in bbls, $8 00@9 00; calcined in bbls $2 75

Produce—We quote beef side at 9 @ 13c; veal 10 @ 12; mutton 10 @ 12c; Chickens in lots, 12 @ 15c; turkeys, 15@20c; Geese, 8@10c; Potatoes 65@70 per bush; Onions, $1 75@$5 00 per bb Round Hogs 7@8

Provisions—We quote as follows:— Mess Beef, Chicago, $9 00 @ 10 00; Extra Mess, 12 00 @13 00; Plate $11 00; Extra Plate, $15 00; Pork backs, $18 5 @19 00; clear, 18 00@0 00; mess, 16 50; Hams, 12@13.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 24.

Beans—New Yellow Eyes have sold at $2 75@3 00 per bush. Hand picked Pea beans $3 00 per bush

Butter—Is worth from 30@35 ⅌ lb, according to quality.

Eggs—Selling at 30@32 cts per dozen.

Hay—The best qualities of new loose sell at $12 to $13 00 per ton. Pressed, $13@16

Oats—Oats are now worth 62@65c cents per bush Corn. 85@9c.

Potatoes—Are selling at 50@55 per bush.

Provisions—Good fresh beef, by the side, is worth 5 to 10c per lb; round hogs 7½@8c; Mutton by the carcass 6@10c.

Veal—The market still remains dull at 30@40c per lb, and lamb skins $1@1 25; hides are worth 6½@7c per lb.

FREE HIGH SCHOOLS. Returns have been received from one hundred and fifteen towns in the State, that have availed themselves of the privileges of the free high school act of the last legislature. On their account about $23,000 will be paid out of the State Treasury. As all the towns accepting the act have not yet made returns, it is thought that the appropriation of $25,000 will be slightly overdrawn. Excellent reports come from each of these schools.

☞ Thomas Pinkham and Timothy McKenney got into a dispute Saturday night at Great Island, Harpswell, during which Pinkham stabbed McKenney in the abdomen inflicting a dangerous wound. At last accounts he was comfortable and it is thought he may recover. Pinkham is nearly 70 years of age, but of great physical strength, and is said to be a hard character. McKenney is a young man about 20 years of age.

NOTICE TO MARINERS. The light house board gives notice that a first class spar buoy, with red and black horizontal stripes, has been placed in 13 fathoms of water to mark the position of a wreck in track of vessels bound into New York city from the eastward. Fire Island light house bears northeast by north, distant about ten miles, Sandy Hook light ship west, Highland lights west half south.

☞ The *Sun* says that soon after night workers were relieved by the day men, Tuesday, in the Brooklyn navy yard, two kegs of powder were found secreted in the hold of the Minnesota, the finest and nearest completed warship in the repairers' hands. It is generally believed at the yard that the kegs had been filled gradually, and being old, escaped particular notice. The Minnesota's nearest neighbor is the Spanish frigate Arapiles.

☞ In regard to the recent troubles in Henry Ward Beecher's church, a council of representatives from the leading Congregational churches all over the country, will be called by the churches of Drs. Storrs and Buddington, and the matter laid before them for their consideration. A new element has entered into the controversy by the disapproval of the proceedings manifested by the members of the protesting churches.

Congressional Summary.

THURSDAY, Dec. 18.

SENATE. Bills were introduced and referred, authorising the appointment of a Major of artillery; relative to the Indian funds, and that the Judiciary consider the expediency of furnishing subsistence to discharged prisoners.

Mr. Chandler from Com., on Commerce, reported favorably on the House joint resolution to change the title of the U. S. Agent and Consular General at Alexandria, Egypt. Passed.

Mr. Anthony from the Committee on Printing, reported back the bill to provide for printing a biennial register, or blue book.

Mr. Morrill of Maine, thought the expenditures for printing by the several departments very heavy, and should be cut down.

Mr. Anthony explained that there had been a great increase in the business of the departments.

Mr. Sargent thought that there could be a great saving in the public printing. He said that the loss to the government now to send documents over the country, was greater than before the franking privilege was abolished.

Mr. Sherman would vote against printing every public document, unless some measures were adopted to distribute them. The bill was passed.

Mr. Howe's resolution instructing the committee on Pensions to enquire into the expediency of placing on the pension rolls the names of all honorably discharged soldiers of the war of 1812, irrespective of their term of service. Passed.

Mr. Gordon called up the resolution directing the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the Senate as to the quantity of cotton seized since the war; the amount of the proceeds of sale, and the disposition thereof, etc. Passed.

The House bill to establish the compensation of senators, representatives and delegates was taken up, read twice and referred to the Committee on civil service and retrenchment.

The morning hour expired, and the resolution reported by the Finance Committee was taken up.

Mr. Sherman of Ohio said he did not propose to take part in the debate, but hoped that the senators would express their views, as it was the desire of the committee to ascertain as near as possible, the wish of the Senate, and know whether such desire was for enlargement or contraction of the currency, or a return to specie payment.

Mr. Boutwell looked with apprehension upon any plan to return to specie payment by way of contraction. The shock caused by contraction would be detrimental to both the private and public interests of the country. He favored maintaining the volume of currency at the minimum point established by law, and was for the development of the resources of the country.

Mr. West moved to adjourn. Agreed to—21 yeas to 18 nays. Adjourned.

HOUSE. Mr. Hooper of Massachusetts, introduced a bill authorizing the issue of certificates for net coinage value of gold bullion deposited at mints and assay offices. Referred to the Coinage Committee.

The Speaker announced that he had appointed E. R. Hoar of Massachusetts, Cox of New York, and Hazleton of Wisconsin, Regents of the Smithsonian Institute for the next two years.

Mr. Garfield, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported back the Senate amendment to the bill making appropriations for extraordinary expenses of the naval service, increasing the amount from four to five million dollars. The amendment was concurred in.

Mr. Garfield also reported a bill appropriating $25,185 for salaries of five official reporters of debates. Passed.

Mr. Sever of Va., offered a resolution instructing the Committee on War Claims to inquire as to the expediency of the time within.

Mr. Dawes offered a concurrent resolution to adjourn over the holidays from to-morrow to Monday January 5th. Adopted.

A resolution to print 225,000 copies each of the agricultural reports of 1872 and '73, gave rise to a discussion, involving the question of the renewal of the franking privilege and a reduction of the expenses for printing public documents. The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. Butler of Mass., from the Judiciary reported a supplementary civil rights bill. It provides that any proprietor of a public inn, a place of entertainment, a line of stage coaches or other means of transportation, or of a cemetery, benevolent institution or public school, wholly or partially endowed for public use, who shall make any distinction as to admission or accommodation of any citizen of the United States, because of race or color, or previous condition of servitude, shall on conviction thereof, be fined not less than $100 nor more than $5000 for each offence and shall be liable to the citizens thereby injured in damages to be recovered in an action of debt, such action to be prosecuted in any United States or district court having jurisdiction.

FRIDAY, Dec. 19.

SENATE. Mr. Anthony, from the Committee on Printing, reported back the bill relative to printing public documents. He hoped the bill would be considered now. Unless some means could be adopted for the transportation of these documents, it would be useless to print them for public distribution.

Mr. Sargent said that the cost of printing the agricultural reports would be $138 000, and would cost the Senators and members $92,000 to send out public documents.

Mr. Stevenson was in favor of restoring the franking privilege with some restrictions.

Mr. Sherman offered an amendment forbidding the printing of all public documents for popular distribution but not prohibiting stereotyping such documents, which was agreed to and the bill passed.

The Senate took up the resolution for adjournment.

Mr. Bayard thought that a holiday recess would give the Senators and members time for consultation with their constituents on the bankrupt bill.

Mr. Chandler hoped that if the new bankrupt law was not passed, at least the old one would be rescinded.

Messrs. Boreman, Morrill, of Maine, Ferry of Conn., Tipton, Oindom and Logan each made a few remarks upon the subject of adjournment.

Mr. Stockton favored the adjournment and Mr. Scott of Pa., opposed it.

Mr. Thurman had come to the conclusion that it was no use to talk of amending the bankrupt law before the holidays.

Mr. Boutwell of Mass., said he had voted uniformly against a recess and had done so in the hope that the Senate might amend the bankrupt law before adjournment, but he entertained one hope no longer. He was opposed to the repeal of the law and said its repeal would be followed by evils and disasters in financial circles of a serious nature. He had been persuaded that a number of respectable business men would petition against its repeal if they should have time to do so. He would therefore vote for the resolution to take a recess.

The resolution as passed by the House was then concurred in, yeas 32, nays 26.

HOUSE. Mr. Frye of Me., offered a resolution of reference to the comparative cost of the present mode of printing debates in Congress and the old method. Referred to the Committee on Printing.

Mr. Butler of Mass., called up the supplementary civil rights bill and proposed to limit the debate to two hours.

Mr. Beck of Ky., appealed for a longer time and said the Democratic side would not propose dilatory motions if a fair discussion was allowed, but certainly would in a contrary event.

Mr. Stephens of Ga., made a similar appeal. He said he desired to address the House on the bill but was not in a condition physically or otherwise to do so to-day.

Mr. Butler remarked that the amnesty bill and civil rights bill were linked together in the minds of Republicans. The amnesty bill passed the House without objection. The white man had his rights; now it was time for the black man to have his.

After considerable colloquy it was agreed that the discussion should go on all day in fifteen minutes speeches and on the first and second days after the re-assembling of the House, the previous question to be considered operative at four o'clock the second day.

The business of the morning hour was then proceeded with, the calling of committees for reports of a private character.

After the call, Mr. Butler of Mass., opened the debate on the supplementary civil rights bill. He said that the bill proposed to give to whomsoever rights were taken away, the means of overriding hostile State legislation and punishing the man who takes the rights from him. That was the whole of it. Who could argue against that?

Mr. Beck of Ky., opposed the bill and Mr. Rainey advocated it. No other member seeking the floor, the House at 2.15 o'clock adjourned with the understanding that the session of Saturday and Monday would be for general debate only.

☞ Senator elect Genet who has just been convicted in New York on an indictment for complicity with the Ring thieves, has escaped from the officers and has not yet been rearrested. It is rumored that somebody was bribed to allow him to escape, but the Sheriff says he has the utmost confidence in the Deputy who had him in charge, and is convinced that that official did not aid or abet the escape, but it was owing to unwitting carelessness on his part.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.

LONDON, Dec. 21. A ferry boat capsized on the Thames to-day near Molesey, and thirteen persons were drowned.

LONDON, Dec. 21. Right Hon. Wm. Monsell, late Postmaster General, has been raised to the peerage.

Sir Joseph Cowen, member of Parliament for New-castle-on-Tyne, died to-day, aged 73.

The crew of the Sprite, which was preparing for the Gold Coast, deserted in a body, and her departure will be delayed one day.

LONDON, Dec. 23. There is no truth in the report that the British war ships in the West Indies have been ordered to assemble in Cuban waters.

Bowles Brothers & Co.'s bankruptcy case has been adjourned sine die. The creditors are in favor of funding.

France.

PARIS, Dec. 22. In the Assembly to-day several members alluded to the imperfect postal arrangements between France and the United States, and urged the Government to hasten the signing of the present convention. They complained of the present situation, declaring it to be injurious to French commerce and intolerable to the people at large. The Financial Secretary replied that it was the Government's earnest desire to harmonize the interests of the two countries, and that a speedy understanding was expected.

PARIS, Dec. 23. A rumor is current throughout the city that Marshal Bazaine has fled from the country. It is also reported that Henri Rochefort died at the penal settlement in New Caledonia.

Spain.

MADRID, Dec. 20. The Republican troops besieging Cartagena advanced to within 800 metres of that city Friday and took some prisoners during the day. The Intransigentes made several sorties, but were driven back. The Minister of War sent a dispatch to Gen. Dominique, commander of the Government forces, congratulating him and his troops upon the success of their operations.

General Sickles has telegraphed to Washington, insisting upon the acceptance of his resignation.

Reinforcements are going forward rapidly for the government troops before Cartagena.

Eighteen lives were lost by a late explosion of a magazine in Cartagena.

Germany.

BERLIN, Dec. 21. Emperor William had a slight attack of apoplexy, which causes much anxiety, and efforts are being made to conceal his condition.

Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX, N. S., Dec. 18. Another subsidence took place in the village of Westville, which is built over the Acadia Coal Mines, on Saturday. The damage to buildings is not so extensive as in the former instance, although many houses are sadly awry. Much apprehension exists among the inhabitants in consequence of the subsidence.

Sandwich Islands.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 18. King Lunalilo of the Sandwich Islands, has withdrawn the proposition for a reciprocity treaty with the United States. His ministers resigned, but withdrew their resignations. The natives of the Sandwich Islands believe that reciprocity means annexation.

Cuba.

HAVANA, Dec. 18, via Key West, Dec. 19. It is reported that a steamer named Santiago de Cuba has succeeded in landing a filibustering expedition on the southern coast of the island between Guanamono and Santiago.

Advices from insurgent forces state that a column of 500 Spaniards set out on Monday last to surprise the depot of arms and ammunition near Guaimoro, but fell into an ambuscade under General Maximo Gomez with 600 cavalry. Only 100 of the Spaniards escaped. Their commander and 200 soldiers were killed, and the remainder were taken prisoners. The Cubans subsequently released Genirailla, Major Martelique and other officers, and after attending to the wounded sent them under escort to the vicinity of the Spanish lines.

The Spanish column under Colonel Arminan started in pursuit of the insurgent force.

Burglars gagged the people in the office of the *Diario* and robbed the office of $28,000 this morning.

☞ The following official statements of the shipping interests of the State are condensed from a long article furnished by the Augusta correspondent of the *Boston Journal*. This statement embraces all the collection districts in Maine, except that of Passamaquoddy. During the current year 227 vessels have been built, having an aggregate tonnage of 83,689.58 tons.—

Last year the district not yet returned built twenty six vessels, having an aggregate tonnage of 4381.51 tons, from which it is estimated that the tonnage built in 1873 in the Passamaquoddy district, will not be less than 5,000 tons, and being chiefly small vessels, will bring the number up to 255, and the total tonnage to 88,689 tons. The figures in the Portland district fall below those recently furnished by the custom house to the city papers, and from the probability that none of these statistics come down to a more recent date than the first of the present month, it is evident that the aggregate tonnage for the year 1873 will exceed 90,000 tons. The returns published do not include a large amount of tonnage now building; as for instance, in Bath, there are thirteen vessels building with an aggregate tonnage of 12,000 tons. The 227 vessels returned, are divided as follows: 10 ships, 23 barques, 2 barkentines, 10 brigs, 156 schooners, 12 sloops, 13 steamers and 1 propeller. The following summary will be of interest:—

District.	No. of vessels.	Tonnage.
Saco,	1	298 19
Portland	21	6 696 61
Kennebunk	11	4 918 09
Bath	43	31 744 51
Waldoboro	10	766 27
Wiscasset	10	13,6 5 53
Belfast	17	7,478 .3
Frenchman's Bay	18	2,241 77
Machias	31	3,934 01
Bangor,	5	1,210 39
Castine	8	1,968.96

Last year the aggregate tonnage built was a little over 40,000 tons, or about the same as that of 1859. It will be seen, therefore, that the amount has been more than doubled the present year, and the indications are that there will be a decided increase in 1874. If we refer to the statistics of this important branch of Maine industry and great source of wealth in the past, it will be found that the largest amount of tonnage built in any one year previous to the present, was in 1860–61, when it is given as 57,343, while the average for the three best years of this industry previous to the rebellion was 52,038 tons. It will be seen, therefore, that at the present time, shipbuilding in Maine has not only regained its former importance, but has far exceeded the prosperity of its palmiest days. This wonderful recuperation of a branch of industry that we had come to regard as dead beyond recovery, is a matter of sincere congratulation.

"MURDER WILL OUT." The German Consul of Richmond, Va., has received from Strasburg, Germany, the confession of Herman Rudolph Wilhelm Vollrath, who accuses himself of having murdered a man in Kings county, Virginia, in April, 1860. Vollrath was employed by a fishing company on the Potomac. He says that he was walking in the woods, when he met a stranger apparently Irish, whom he asked for a light for his pipe.

A conversation ensued, during which Vollrath saw the stranger's pocket book, containing a large sum of money. He, on the impulse of the moment, attempted to rob him. Being resisted, and dreading the result of his victim, he drew a knife and stabbed him through the heart. He buried his victim, returned to work, and, concience-stricken, threw the money into the river. He went to Germany, was conscripted into the army, and is now in a military prison for a petty offence. The confession was voluntary.

☞ By the report of the Congressional printer, it appears that the prime cost of the agricultural report of 1871, was $176,705 24. The edition was of 256,675, and the book contained 544 pages. The postage to ordinary mortals would have been forty cents on each volume. As they all passed free through the mails at least once, and sometimes twice, the entire cost to the government, to say nothing of wrapping paper, salaries of folders, etc., was $279,376.24. To call this an unnecessary and absurd expenditure is to speak mildly. There is no reason why those who had a present of a dollar's worth of free reading from the government should have had it more than others less fortunate.—*Boston Advertiser.*

☞ A Washington despatch says the State Department has received a despatch from Madrid to the effect that President Castelar has instructed Senor Saler, Minister of the Colonies, now in Cuba, that the Spanish Republic is virtually pledged to the immediate abolition of slavery, and that his mission will be incomplete unless he prepare the way for this act. Castelar further says he has made this position the test of Spanish authority in Cuba, and that the United States will so judge the Madrid government.

☞ It appears that the English agent who bid $40,600 for a cow at the famous sale of fancy cattle in New York exceeded his master's instructions, having become confused as to the relative value of dollars and pounds sterling, and the animal has since been sold for $30,600 thus netting the buyer a loss of $10,000.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF CRIME. Judge Aldrich of Boston, on the occasion of sentencing a prisoner, a few days since, remarked that liquor brought the accused to such a fate, and added:

"He had observed that at least seven-eighths of the cases had their foundation in the use of intoxicating liquors. The victims marched in a ghastly procession through the court house, and it was common knowledge that the liquor saloons of Boston were open day and night, where the people so inclined, and particularly the young, could be fitted and prepared for crime. There was not a session of the court that he was not appealed to, when about to impose sentence on a person for crime for leniency, upon the ground that the offence was committed while under the influence of liquor. If he could have his way in bringing about a remedy, he would commence at the other end of the crime—the cause, origin and primary influences (which, though not expressed in words, were well understood to mean the rumsellers). Though he was willing to listen, and had listened patiently, to these constant appeals for mercy, he was tired of hearing them so frequently repeated, when the great and fruitful cause of the misery was left untouched. It would be as easy, he remarked, to attempt to dam the Mississippi at its mouth as to check the progress of crime while the numberless places where intoxicating liquors were sold are allowed to continue and prosper. There was no way to stop crime but to stop the cause of it.

THE TRICKS AND THE HABITS OF THE MADAWASKA SETTLERS. A recent visitor to the French settlement in north-eastern Maine visited a woman ninety-seven years old and entirely blind. He found her sitting in her rocking chair, very busily engaged in picking to pieces a piece of old yarn with a large needle. Beside her lay a small quantity of hair that had been carded from the cattle and a small amount of wool. Her daughter sat spinning this composition into yarn to be knit into fine socks, as they say. The method of preparing this stock for the wheel is rather amusing. After picking to pieces old yarn and woolen cloth, it is mixed with enough good wool to "galvanize" it. Then it is put in an old-fashioned dash churn, soap and water applied, and churned until it is ready for the cards; then it goes to the wheel the same that was used by grandmothers of old for spinning flax. Toe women of upper Aroostook are very industrious and great help-meets, as many times they can be seen at work in the field, planting, hoeing, haying, harvesting, and as a general thing, they manufacture their wool into cloth, sacks and mittens. Many whole families are clothed in wool of their own manufacture. Many card wool by hand, spin with the old flax wheel and weave with the old loom that has been in use for hundreds of years.

RAILROAD MATTERS. The directors of the Maine Central Railroad Company held their regular monthly meeting at the Falmouth Hotel, Portland, Tuesday afternoon and evening. The usual routine business was transacted. Among other matters presented was the case of the stockholders whose issue of stock was burnt up at the great fire in Boston, and who petitioned for a re-issue, which was granted.

Mr. Pullman, of palace car fame, was expected to be present and look after the interests of his Company. The directors of the Maine Central road have recently seen fit to withdraw the day Pullman cars, and it is rumored that by so doing their contract with the Pullman Palace Car Company was broken. Mr. Pullman, however, did not arrive. Various questions connected with the management of the road were discussed, but nothing of special interest to the public transpired.

☞ The Boston *Globe* opportunely says: "There has never been a period within our remembrance when the benefits of advertising and the folly of retrenching in this department of business expenses in dull times were quite so palpable as at present. The most careless observer cannot fail to note the difference between the non-advertising and the advertising stores, as he passes along Tremont and Washington streets. In the former there is solitude and silence; in the latter, life, activity and the hum of bargain-seeking crowds. If there be a merchant who doubts the utility of challenging public attention through the newspaper press, let him sit his scepticism in the establishments which are in constant communication with the world of consumers through this medium."

STATE PRISON FINANCES. The State Prison Inspectors have finished their examination of the affairs of that institution, which they find in satisfactory condition. They find that the sales of carriages for the year have amounted to $75,383.17, which sum is nearly $11,000 more than last year's sales. The sales of shoes manufactured at the prison have amounted to about $15,000, which brings the total sales for the year up to more than $90,000, against $82,000 last year. The profits will be about $7000, which, on account of the fire, will be a trifle less than the profits of the year preceding.

☞ The following note from Rev. Dr. Chickering formerly of Portland, but now of Washington, D. C., will be read with interest by the temperance community:

TO THE PUBLIC—*Care Portland Transcript*:—Neither the President nor the members of the Cabinet intend to offer wine at the New Year Receptions, and the Vice President with many Senators and Representatives and several Judges and Governors have authorized the published expression of their wish that the friends of morality and good order may not include intoxicating beverages in their holiday hospitalities. J. W. CHICKERING.

Washington, Dec., 20th.

☞ The Attorney General of the United States has rendered an opinion in the case of the Virginius that at the time of her capture she was not an American vessel, and had no right to carry the American flag. He further decides that the capture was illegal, because at the time she was taken she had an American register, had committed no illegal act and was not at that time in Cuban waters. It seems that the register was obtained through fraud, and proceedings will be commenced against Patterson, her former owner, for perjury.

☞ The Congressional Committee on Appropriations find that the estimates for the coming year made by the Heads of Departments, may be reduced about $20,000,000. These estimates are based upon the idea that rigid economy is to be observed in every branch of the Government. Internal revenue receipts are slightly increasing, and there is no falling off in the receipts of customs. It is confidently hoped that there will be improvements in both these sources of revenue during the balance of the current fiscal year.

☞ At 11.15 Tuesday night a fire broke out in the Wassaumkeg Block, in Stockton, which was entirely destroyed. From there it spread to the house of Mr. Jackson, which was burned, though the furniture was saved. It was feared at one time that the whole village would be burned, but at 2.15 Wednesday morning, the fire was thought to be over, it being under control and nothing but the cinders to watch.

☞ In the case of Mrs. Elizabeth M. Homan of Lynn, the jury of inquest brought in a verdict that her death was caused by the combined effects of sulphuric ether and extreme nervous exhaustion while undergoing a trivial surgical operation. The report further states the etherization and operation were properly prepared and that prompt measures were employed to resuscitate the patient.

☞ In the case of General O. O. Howard, the Military Committee before whom the charges against him were referred, have decided that the law of limitation rules upon all the offences and that he cannot be tried by Court Martial except by special act of Congress. The Committee have not yet decided whether they will examine into the charges on their own account or not.

☞ By the careless use of a light in the closet of the house of T. C. Runnells of Searsport, several silk dresses and other articles of clothing were destroyed, and the fact was not discovered till a little boy in the family went to the closet for apples, and brought down a handful of ashes saying, "Father, there is lots of just such stuff as this in that closet!"

THE CREDIT MOBILIER SUITS. The important Credit Mobilier suit, which was tried in Hartford, Ct., last October, has been decided by United States Judges Hunt and Shipman, and the opinion was filed in the United States District Court in that city Friday. The motion of the defendant's counsel to dismiss the bill involving the question of jurisdiction was decided in favor of the Government. On the second point, the demurrer, the court sustained the demurrer and dismisses the bill as to the parties who demurred. The ground of the demurrer is that the damage to the Government by the Credit Mobilier frauds is too remote to be reached by the process pursued or by any other, and that the Government has at present no pecuniary interest to be reached by the bill. The court takes the view that there is no trust anywhere raised in behalf of the Government to be protected. The motion to dissolve the injunction is granted. The intelligence of the decision against the Government creates great disappointment at Washington, where it was expected the decision would be in favor of the Government. The case will be appealed to the Supreme Court at Washington, where it can not come up before next winter. The Government is not yet convinced that the power of the railroad corporations of the country is superior to its own, and the Attorney General has the fullest confidence that he will be victorious in the end.

☞ The announcement that the Grand Trunk Railroad has agreed to furnish cargo for two large steamers each week, from Portland or Boston to Liverpool or Glasgow, on through bills of lading from all places in Canada and the Western Stetes, on a division of the freights to be agreed upon by the corporations interested is considered a revelation of the fact that the officials of the Grand Trunk Railway are endeavoring to secure a larger amount of the through business from the West to foreign ports. During the past year great efforts have been made to put the Grand Trunk Railroad in a position to compete with the trunk lines leading to New York. The guage of a part of the road has been narrowed to conform to that of a majority of the railroads in the United States, and this has added to the facilities of the road by saving transhipment and the attending expenses of handling. The trunk lines agree upon a uniform tariff of rates. The agents in New York of the Grand Trunk and Vermont Central Railroads have never come into this arrangement, and have cut under the established rates to obtain freights.

THE FUNERAL OF PROF. AGASSIZ. The funeral services over the remains of the late Prof. Agassiz took place Friday afternoon in Appleton Chapel of Harvard University. The chapel was very elaborately decorated with floral emblems and drapery, a tribute of respect from the Harvard students. The services were very impressive, being conducted by Dr. Peabody and a long cortege followed to the burial place in Mount Auburn. Very many distinguished personages were present, and also a large number of former pupils of Prof. Agassiz and college students, besides a numerous congregation of citizens and ladies who filled the galleries and body of the chapel, while a large number were unable to obtain admittance. Church bells in Boston and Cambridge tolled and flags were displayed at half staff during the progress of the funeral.

SPEEDY RETRIBUTION. A special to the *Democrat* from Sedalia, Mo., says that information was received there Thursday, that a farmer living near Cambridge, Saline county, sold a lot of hogs in that town, Wednesday, receiving therefor about $1000; that while returning home he was overtaken by five men, headed by the notorious desperado named Tom Stanton, who shot and killed him and robbed his body. Shortly after the tragedy, a gentleman living near by discovered the body in the road, and hearing an angry altercation in the adjacent thicket, he comprehended the situation at once, quietly raised a party of neighbors, captured three of the murderers, hung them to a tree, and then started in pursuit of the two others. At last accounts it was not known whether they had been captured.

☞ Gov. Booth, who has just been chosen United States Senator by the California Legislature, was elected Governor in 1871 by the Republicans. He could not follow the other leaders in their subserviency to the Pacific Railroad Company and headed the Anti-Monopoly movement which carried the State last fall, and secured strength enough to obtain his election. It marks a new era in California politics, and its people may congratulate themselves that for once they have a Senator who will represent their interests and not the Pacific Railroad.

☞ A deaf and dumb young lady of Cape Elizabeth went to Manchester, N. H. about three years ago, and at that place a young Frenchman saw her, was pleased with her, made proposals of marriage and was accepted. She could not by any means communicate her name. So to remedy the defect a name was procured for the occasion. The husband has led a married life for two years without knowing his wife's name, and did not find it out until he came to visit her friends. He had thought her to be a French woman.

Special Notices.

A Valuable Medical Teatise.

The edition for 1874 of the sterling Medical Annual known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States and British America, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for about one-fifth of a century. It comes to us with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations chronological data, etc., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanack for 1874 will probably be the

Poetry.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LONGWOOD.

BY JOHN G WHITTIER.

With fifty years between you and your well-kept wedding vow
The Golden Age, old friends of mine, is not a fable now.

And, sweet as has life's vintage been through all your pleasant pa.t,
Still, as on Cana's marriage feast, the best wine is the last!

Again before me, with your names, fair Chester's landscape comes,
Its meadows, woods and ample barns, and quaint, stone builded homes.

The smooth-shorn vales, the wheaten slopes, the boscage green and soft
Of which their poet sings so well from towered Cedarcroft.

And lo! from all the country side come neighbors, kith and kin;
From city, hamlet, farm-house, old, the wedding guests come in.

And they who, without scrip or purse, mob-haunted, travel-worn,
In Freedom's age, of martyrs came, as victors now return.

Older and slower, yet the same, files in the long array,
And hearts are light and eyes are glad, though heads are badger-gray.

The fire-tried men of Thirty-eight who saw with me the fall,
Midst roar ng flames, and shouting mob, of Pennsylvania Hall;

And they of Lancaster who turned the cheeks of tyrants pale,
Singing of freedom through the grates of Moyamensing jail!

And, haply, with them, all unseen, old comrades gone before,
Pass, silently as shadows pass, within your open door,—

The eagle face of Lindley Coates, brave Garrett's daring zeal,
The Christ-an grace of Pennock, the steadfast heart of Neall.

Ah me! beyond all power to name, the worthless, tried and true,
Grave men, fair women, youth and maid, passed by in hushed review.

Of varying faiths, a common cause fused all the hearts in one.
God give them now, whate'er their names, the peace of duty done!

How gladly would I tread again the old-remembered place
Sit down beside your hearth once more and look in the dear old faces!

And thank you for the lessons your fifty years are teaching,
For honest lives that louder speak than half our noisy preaching;

For your steady faith and courage in that dark and evil time
When the golden Rule was treason, and to feed the hungry, crime;

For the poor slave's house of refuge when the hounds were on his track,
And saint and sinner, church and state, joined hands to send him back.

Blessings upon you! What you did for that sad, suffering one,
So homeless, faint and naked, unto our Lord was done!

Fair fall on Kennett's pleasant vales and Longwood's bowery ways
The mellow sunset of your lives, friends of my early days.

May many more of quiet years be added to your sum,
And, last, in tenderest love, the beckoning angel come.

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are there, alike below, above;
Our friends are now in either world, and love is sure of love.

Our Story Teller.

JOHN RANDALL'S TROUBLE.

An English Story.

"Will you let me have it, John?"

"No, Georgy, I can't."

John Randall uttered his refusal of his wife's request very decidedly, as if he felt the request was unreasonable; and yet there was an undercurrent of grieved impatience in his voice, and a look of perplexity and self-dissatisfaction in his eyes. He wanted to see his wife rise from the breakfast-table, and thereby signify her acquiescence in his decision, before he went off for his morning walk to the mill.

Georgy, however, did not rise. Her looks did not express acquiescence. She was a pretty woman—very pretty; tall, slight, very fair, with large, clear, steady eyes and profuse brown hair. Beside her beauty, she had an air of delicate graceful composure rather peculiar, and a voice that suggested alto flute notes. For all this, she was simply the wife of a master machinist in the great Haliburton Print Works of Millville, and mistress in one of the small, white factory tenements, whose long, orderly rows constituted Millville proper.

But Georgy did not belong to the factory element, although she had married into it. She had been brought up by a relative, upon whom she had been left dependent, and whom she called Aunt Appleton.

Aunt Appleton lived at the other end of Appleton—the westend—among the Haliburtons, the Dilloways, and the Verses.

Perhaps, under the circumstances, Georgy might have looked a little higher than John Randall. But then John was as good as gold, strong, steady, manly, true.

Aunt Appleton had the sense to rejoice at the perception of her pretty protege, and the generosity to give her a liberal outfit—her furniture, a complete wardrobe, a nice wedding.

It had been very agreeable to Georgy to have these things. She was tastidious to the core. She enjoyed advantages of position—her good clothes, her prestige among the wives of the other officials in the print works. She was fastidious—perhaps a little too fastidious for her place.

John Randall had reached his last button—a somewhat shiny button on a somewhat shabby coat. He had neither time nor pretext for lingering. At this moment his wife raised her eyes, clearly, unflinchingly, to his face.

"Why not?" she asked, in her own sweet voice.

It is never pleasant for a man to be called to an account—to an account about money (and of course it was money Georgy wanted) by a woman, and that woman his wife. John's face flushed a little; a hot retort pricked the very tip of his tongue, but he did not utter it. He was a patient man, naturally; and then he had that deep, pure love for his wife which over reached all slight shocks.

"I have exceeded my salary every month since we were married, Georgy," he said. "The first of January will be here in a few weeks, and I shall not be able to meet all the bills that are due. I don't feel that we ought to trifle away a penny of money. I don't believe you do, either."

"I shall say no more about it," she returned. "I ought to wear a new pair of gloves to call on Paul's bride, but if you can't give them to me I must do without them."

John Randall's brain was fine enough to understand that this was not the acquiescence he wanted. He would like to indulge her, but there was the fact that, if he began it, he should be always poor.

This was his fact. Georgy had hers also—that she was always to be denied and disappointed. She didn't mind so much wearing the old gloves on this particular occasion; that which was wedging itself painfully into her convictions, was that she would have to give up all the little luxuries and elegancies that she so craved; that her future was to be a plain matter-of-fact routine, deprived of those gratifications in whose absence she felt a sort of moral starvation.

"It dont seem as if you ought to be disappointed, Georgy," said the husband, finally. "You know just what my salary is, and just how far it will go. We used to talk about saving something every year, so that I might better myself one of these days, I don't like to deny you."

"Never mind," she said, rising.

She was one of those women who say too little rather than too much.

John went off to his work. Bridget, the girl-of-all-work, came in to clear the table. Georgy dusted the parlor, and made the pudding, fed the canary, and then placed the sewing-machine in the window, facing the dull leaden light of November day, and sat down to stitch wristbands. She had been married more than a year, and was making her first shirt for John. She was very thoughtful, a dogged pain on her face all the while.

"Perhaps I shall stay at Aunt Appleton's to tea," she said to her husband at the dinner-table. "If I do you will come for me, won't you?"

He reflected a moment.

"I told you last night, Georgy, that I should have to be from home an hour or two this evening. There is a meeting of the officials of the mill at half-past seven. I should be too tired to dress and go up to your aunt's afterwards."

"I had forgotten," she said, quietly; so quietly that he thought she did not care.

When he was gone she went to her bed-room to arrange her toilet for the call. She put on the best she had, of course. She had a genius for dress; and despite the mended gloves, she looked as stylish as she did pretty.

Just as she approached her aunt's gate, old Mrs. Haliburton, in her velvets and steeliest of steel-colored silks, was being handed from her carriage by her son. The Haliburtons were the owners of the mill in which John Randall was employed. Stephen, the only son, had just returned from five years residence abroad. These two facts caused Georgy to scrutinize the mother and son somewhat closely; and, doing so, Stephen Haliburton raised his hat to her.

"A pretty face," he remarked, carelessly, to his mother. "I suppose it is some one I have known or should know."

Old Mrs. Haliburton with her keen eyes and beak nose glanced sharply back towards Georgy, whom she had not perceived, and nodded lightly.

"It is that young person whom James Appleton brought up. She is married now to one of our men I believe.

Georgy found Paul Appleton and his bride holding a sort of formal reception. The rooms—where her own wedding had been solemnized a year before—were quite filled with guests. A very dainty and graceful bride was the new Mrs. Paul in her lavender, train and point-lace shawl. Georgy tried not to feel the least tinge of envy as she looked at her.

Aunt Appleton had always a sense of gratitude towards her protege for having forborne to fascinate either of her own marriageable boys, and this gratitude cropped out in active kindness under the exultation she felt over Paul's match.

Georgy moved easily about the well furnished rooms; somehow she seemed just fitted for such surroundings. The subdued, well-bred manners, the faint perfumes, the refined faces, and the rich dresses, were like a stimulant to her. She needed such quickening to be fully herself. Her composed, delicate beauty unfolded to perfection in this atmosphere.

She had been talking to one and another, taking in shapes and trimmings with her quick artist's eye, and in a pause was just reflecting upon the hang of the new curtains, when a voice said near her:

"I seem not to be able to recall you at all, Mrs. Randall. Yet I must have known you before I went away. My mother has just told me your name, and I have come to reclaim acquaintance, if you will permit me."

"I remember you perfectly, Mr. Haliburton" Georgy returned, quietly. "I was hardly grown up when you left us, five years ago."

"Five years? Ah true enough! Won't you take this chair? What a lovely lily! Why it is not real?"

"No; these wax flowers are very like nature, though—almost a plagiarism; don't you think so, Mr. Haliburton?"

"Why, yes. It must be quite difficult to make them. I dare say they bring a good price."

Under her serene smile a quick thought went through Georgy Randall's mind. She began to examine the gentleman before her with interest.

Stephen Haliburton was a gentleman by habit and a man of the world by force of circumstances. But nature intended him for a diligent, painstaking, persevering man of business.

If he was not a great or a very good man, it was because he had so much time, so much money, so much flattery. He was spoiled by his opportunities, yet he needed only the right influence to elevate him beyond himself. He was thirty years old now—he was past the age when a man disdains to be led by a woman. But Stephen Haliburton had never disdained it. He had always been led by the keen-eyed, beak nosed woman in steel silk, who, as Georgy talked with the heir, sat holding her wine-cup up to the fire-light not far off.

The heir seemed to like Mrs. Randall's talk; perhaps because there was so little of it. In return he was rather unreserved—gossiping about his plans and his prospects. He said that he was glad to get home. He meant to settle down at Millville now; look after his factories and the operatives, and introduce some improvements. He wanted a better class of work—more tasteful designs; he hadn't seen a pretty print from the factory. Didn't Mrs. Randall agree with him?

Yes; she agreed with him. It was a strange basis for parlor gossip—oils, chemicals, designs for calicoes. He was surprised to find how much she knew about it; and she—she was a little surprised herself. The most delicate pink began to flush her cheeks, the irises of her eyes grew into great black flakes, full of lustre. All at once, at last, she turned a casual glance without the window.

"Why," she said, with a slight start, "it is almost dark. And I believe it is raining. I must go at once.

She stepped towards the window. Great splashing drops were falling upon the flagstones. The dull November daylight was almost gone.

Mr. Haliburton rose also.

"Did you walk?" he inquired. "Let us take you home. My mother will be going soon.

The little stir attracted Mrs. Appleton, who—most of the guests having gone—was devoting herself to Mrs. Haliburton.

"Stay to tea, Georgy," she suggested. "John knows you are here—does he not?"

"Yes; but it is raining. I think I had better not stop."

"I have been asking Mrs. Randall to take a seat with us, mother," interposed Stephen Haliburton.

"Ah, yes?" said the lady, with contracted nostrils and prolonged lip again. "I shall be happy."

And then the keen eye overlooked Georgy, as if to ask if there were any just cause why the Haliburton carriage, the Haliburton heir, should traverse the length of Millville to take home this young person who had married one of the Haliburton employes.

Georgy stood unmoved, a little concerned as to whether her last dress or bonnet should walk or ride, not at all concerned as to her own disposal.

The factory bell had done ringing, and John Randall was in sight of home just as the carriage of his employer stopped at the door, and his wife stepped from it. He did not, however, overhear her say to Stephen Haliburton. "If you call to-morrow afternoon, I will show you what I mean."

"Had you a pleasant afternoon?" her husband asked, by-and-by, as they sat at the tea-table.

"Very pleasant," she said thoughtfully.

"It was very polite in Mrs. Haliburton to bring you home."

"Yes, I should have spoiled my dress."

It was always with a little effort that Randall could get his wife to talk, and she seemed peculiarly silent to-night, and absent as well as silent.

Her eyes were brighter, too, than common—her face a little flushed. He was too generous, too unselfish a man to begrudge her even happiness in which he had no part; but something in her abstraction filled him with uneasiness. The uneasiness was not decreased, when reaching home a little before the usual hour, the following afternoon, he met Stephen Haliburton just leaving the house, nor when he found Georgy with the same brightened eyes and heightened color as the night before.

That was the beginning of John Randall's trouble.

It was not so much common jealousy—a man's instinct of revolt at another man's admiration of his handsome wife, as it was a fear, a desperate death-like fear that Georgy needed somewhat he could not give her to make her happy. He could never give her luxuries. He could never say such things as he fancied Stephen Haliburton must be able to say to women. But he loved her so! O, heavens, he loved her so! How could he endure that anything should come between them?

"I won't wrong her and tease her with suspicions," he said to himself, in the depth of the night. I'll keep on steady. Perhaps she'll see it right by-and-by.

Poor fellow he did not realize how his determination implied the dreary thought that her heart was turned from him. He raised himself on his arms to look on her as she slept; and all through what followed he retained the pure, calm face, as it pressed the pillow, whitened by the moonlight that glinted the frost on the window-panes and flooded the room.

She seemed colder to him after this, and he kept silent.

He knew that she met Haliburton at her aunt's; he knew that when she went to the seaside the ensuing summer, for a week's visit to Mrs. Paul Appleton, there he was also. He knew that she seemed to be living a life apart from him; and once—that was when the iron entered his soul, when he went to her desk, a present he had made her during their engagement—for a sheet of note paper, and found it locked and asked her carelessly enough for the key, she flushed and said she would get the paper for him.

But he kept true to the promise he made himself. He kept on "fighting his way against it as best he could," hoping, with a sick heart, that she "might see it right by-and-by."

The months wore away. The second year of their marriage was nearly completed. John had been very careful—as careful as Georgy herself that there should be no outward and visible sign of misunderstanding or coldness between them. No suspicion had come to any that the second year of marriage life had been less happy than the first. Nor had he ever omitted to give her any little indulgence within his power. He had prepared a surprise for her on the coming anniversary of their wedding, during the year.

The anniversary fell upon Sunday; and so their little commemoration of the day must come the preceding evening. No allusion had been made to any celebration by either of them; but John felt sure, some way, that she could not let the time pass without some sign. For his own part, he had half resolved to attempt some explanation of their estrangement. Any thing, he thought, would be better than this chilling reserve. With his mind divided between the anticipation of relief and jealous dread, he went to the counting-house that Saturday night to receive his money. The cashier looked up, with a certain embarassment at his approach.

"Ah, Mr. Randall—the accumulation you have left in my hands? To be sure! And by the way, Mr. Haliburton spoke to me to mention to you that there were to be some changes made, and—and—but there he is himself, sir."

John Randall turned, with a feeling akin to desperation, to meet his employer. It had gone through him like a thunderbolt; as the cashier spoke, that he was to be displaced.

Stephen Haliburton simply said, as John faced him, "I'll not detain you now, Mr. Randall. I shall call this evening to let you know of the changes I feel obliged to make."

And the owner bowed, and left him.

With the money in his nerveless hands, John Randall walked homeward like a man dazed. He was to lose his place. For what reason he found it impossible to conjecture. But to lose it, was to lose reputation, courage—everything. He had never imagined such a possibility as that. The money that he carried—he should not dare to make a present of it to Georgy now. He might have to wait for other employment. It might be needed for their bare every-day needs, before he got to work again. A chill like death struck to his soul.

Georgy evidently had not overlooked the recurrence of their wedding day. The cozy rooms of the cottage all wore a little air of festivity. Some slender vases held the gleanings of the flower beds—chrysanthemums blood-red, white, and purple—verbenas, and scarlet geraniums.

She came to the door that night to meet him—one of her "company" dresses on, some knots of velvet fastening her collar, and seeming to give a glow and brightness to her white skin. He took her hand—she raised her face, and with a wild heart-bound he kissed it, as he had not for a year before. She was coming back to him again! That was the thought that thrilled him. Her infatuation—if such it had been—was at an end! She was his once more. And then, close upon his new happiness, came the dreary recollection of his lost situation. He thrust the money in his pocket. By-and-by he would tell her all.

"You won't mind waiting supper for an hour—will you, John?" she asked, as she led him in. "I am going to give you something nice—by-and-by—and—I think Mr. Haliburton will be in."

John Randall's blood froze once more. It was not for him, then, that all these preparations were made. Georgy had never spoken Haliburton's name to him before. He could feel that she was embarrassed, as she did so.

"I want you to dress, John," she added coaxingly. I have laid everything out for you."

It seemed to him that he would have turned upon her, but that he felt so broken by the thought of losing his place, and resented her gaiety, her indifference, her secrecies—all that had made him so miserable through this long year. But he had not the spirit.

He went to dress as she asked him. When he returned to the parlor, Stephen Haliburton and his wife sat upon the sofa side by side. It was rare indeed to see Georgy's fair face so illuminated. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes were sparkling.

As for Haliburton, he was always the quiet gentleman, with no sense of being out of his place, no apparent suspicion of what was rankling in the heart of his employe.

What a nice little supper Georgy had ready! Yet nobody ate.

Finally the supper was over, and they went back to the parlor.

Georgy disappeared for a moment, and, returning, approached her husband, glancing shyly at the same time to her guest, whose face brightened beyond its wont as he caught her eye.

"We meant to make it all very formal, John; but I see Mr. Haliburton thinks I might as well tell you it at once in my own way.

She paused and a sober pallor overspread her husband's face.

"What was coming?" his eyes asked, with no faith that it was anything to lighten his secret burden.

Georgy nervously folded and unfolded a slip of paper which she held.

"This is for you, John;" and she held it shyly towards him. "My anniversary gift. I have been working for Mr. Haliburton, too, this year. And I have thirty guineas here—the price of the designs I have made for the calicoes.

"Georgy!"

"You never suspected it? I did not want you to, till I knew whether I could succeed."

John Randall had no voice in which to word his amazement or his gratitude for his restored faith, which though his wife did not suspect it, was by far his most precious anniversary gift. She went on: "I could always use my pencil nimbly, you know, John. And it had occurred to me one day why I couldn't do something with it for profit. I spoke to Mr. Haliburton, and he was so kind—you must thank him—he took so much trouble with my crude attempts; he did so much to encourage me. And now I am fairly in the way of work. I shall work better too, now that you know it. I want to design for carpets by-and-by, as well as for prints; that pays so well—a percentage on the sale."

She stopped short, suddenly conscious of how much she was saying.

"I have a surprise, also, for you, Mr. Randall," added Stephen Haliburton, quietly. I hope it, too, will prove agreeable. The universal testimony of the mill officials, as to your efficiency and trustiness, make me feel that I am not showing you a proper appreciation, and I desire to give you a somewhat more responsible position, with an increase of salary."

The very glory of heaven seemed to be opening a way to John Randall out of all his trouble.

"I am too happy, Mr. Haliburton, to talk much," he said in his straightforward way. "I have been depressed lately—the sudden removal of all causes for low spirits——"

He stopped short. Two big tears ran down his cheeks. Stephen Haliburton alone perceived what Georgy never suspected, that her secret had made her husband jealous. He grasped John's hand.

"My dear fellow, it's too bad! I feared it a little once or twice. Of course I could not hint it to Mrs. Randall."

"What, John? What, Mr. Haliburton?"

"Nothing, Georgy, that you will ever know."

They were alone together, by-and by, with their new found happiness. Perhaps Georgy was equally relieved that there was no more need for mystification.

"What ever made you think of it, Georgy?" her husband asked.

"Why, John, it was that day about the gloves. I set myself considering why you should have all the toil, and I all the indulgence. I pondered how I could make or save something."

"I am happier than I ever thought I could be again, dear."

"Do you know I have fancied you were unhappy lately, John, because you thought I was longing for things you could not give me? I could hardly wait for to-night to come, to tell you all."

"My darling."

And he folded his arms about her, with his face on her shoulder, and in the brightness and silence of the room, with its odor of flowers and glow of leaves, they felt their way through the coming future, safe, confident, out of the reach of any bitter trouble, since they loved and trusted one another.

Different Kinds of Eyes.

No branch of science has been more thoroughly mastered than optics. The principle of vision must be essentially the same in all eyes, but they differ remarkably, according to the habits of the animal. Birds of lofty flight, as the condor, eagles, vultures, and carrion-seeking prowlers of the feathered race, have telescopic visions, and thus they are enabled to look down and discover their unsuspecting victims. As they approach noiselessly from above, the axis of vision changes—shortening, so that they see as distinctly within one foot of the ground as when at an elevation of one mile in the air.

This fact explains the balancing of a fish-hawk on its pinions half a mile above a still pond watching for fish. When one is selected, down the savage hunter plunges, the focal axis varying always to the square view of its intended prey. As they ascend then the axis is elongated by a curious muscular arrangement, so as to see far off again.

Snails have their keen eyes at the extremity of flexible horns, which they can protrude or draw in at pleasure. By winding the instrument round the edge of a leaf or stalk, they can see how matters stand on the opposite side. The hammer-headed shark has its wicked-looking eyes nearly two feet apart. By will effort they can bend the thin edgings of the head, on which the organs are located, so as to examine the two sides of an object the size of a full-grown codfish.

Flies have immovable eyes. They stand out from the head like half an apple, exceedingly prominent. Instead of being smooth hemispheres, they have an immense number of facets, resembling old-fashioned glass watch seals, each one directing the light directly to the optic retina. That explains why they cannot be approached in any direction without seeing what is coming.—*Young Folks' Rural.*

A New Malady.

An editor says: "We have lately heard of the diagnosis of a new disease, discovered by our associate editor, Dr. S., not long since. A lady of remarkable conversational powers approached our medical friend with—'Dr. S., I have a very sore tongue.' 'Let me look at it,' says the doctor. The unruly member was duly protruded. 'It is sun-burnt, madam, sun-burnt,' remarked the doctor, who suddenly recollected that his professional services were wanted in another direction."

☞ Byron put a good deal of human nature into the close of the autograph letter just come to light in London. He says, "As to that I have said about you never mind—it is only behind your back, and, under those legitimate circumstances, even our best friend cannot expect us to spare them."

The American Restaurant.

The typical American restaurant is an establishment quite as well individualized, and quite as characteristic, as anything of the kind to be found in the world. The French *cafe*, the German beer-garden, and the English chop-house, all have their characteristic habits, appearance, and manners; but the American restaurant is like neither of them. It can only be conducted by an American, and, we regret to say, it can only be frequented and enjoyed by Americans of the second and lower grades. The aim of the conductor seems to be to sell the greatest amount of food in the shortest possible time—an aim which the guests invariably second, by eating as rapidly as possible. We have seen, in a Broadway restaurant, a table surrounded by men, all eating their dinners with their hats on, while genuine ladies, elegantly dressed, occupied the next table, within three feet of them. In this restaurant there was as much din in the ordering of dishes and the clash of plates and knives and forks, as if a brass band had been in full blast. Every dish was placed before the guests with a bang. The noise, the bustle, the hurry, in such a place, at dinner time, can only be compared to that which occurs when the animals are fed in Barnum's caravan. We do not exaggerate at all when we say that the American restaurant is the worst-mannered place ever visited by decent people. No decent American ever goes into one when he can help it, and comparatively few decent people know how very indecent it is.

Our best hotels have no equals in the world, and, in asserting this, we know what we say, and "speak by the card." Our best restaurants are mainly kept by foreigners, or, if not, are modeled upon the French type. Nowhere in the world can there be found better cooking, more quiet and leisurely manners, or better service, than in the restaurants of the hotels above alluded to, or the best class of eating-houses. These, however, are direct or indirect importations; while the American restaurant, pure and proper, serves the needs of the great multitude of business men—clerks, porters, and upper-class laborers generally. These do not eat—they feed. Thousands of them would regard it as an affectation of gentility to remove their hats while feeding; and they sit down, order their dinner, which,—pudding, pastry, vegetables, and meat,—is all placed before them in one batch, and then "pitch in." The lack of courtesy, of dignity, of ordinary tokens even of self-respect, would be amusing if it were not so humiliating.

It is useless for the incredulous American to ask the question, "where have you been?" When in a second-rate restaurant a guest asks for fish-balls and hears his order repeated to the cook by the colored waiter as "sieve buttons for one!" and hears his neighbor's order for pork and beans transformed into "stars and stripes," he begins to wonder, indeed, whether "civilization" is not "a failure," and whether "the Caucasian" is not "played out." The average American, in the average American restaurant, eats his dinner in the average time of six minutes and forty-five seconds. He bolts into the door, bolts his dinner, and then bolts out. There is no thought of those around him, no courtesy to a neighbor, no pleasant word or motion of politeness to the man or woman who receives his money—nothing but a fearful taking in of ammunition—the feeding of a devouring furnace—and then a desperate dash into the open air, as if he were conscious he had swallowed poison, and must find a doctor and a stomach-pump, or die. A favorite method of devouring oysters is to stand, or to sit on a high stool, always with the hat on; oysters on the half-shell and the eater under a half-shell. There may be something in the position that favors deglutition, we don't know.

The penalty a man pays for getting his lunch or his dinner at a reasonable price is to encounter the offensive scenes we have described. The penalty he pays for eating where he finds the manners of civilization is an unreasonable price. When a man pays half a dollar for a bit of cold meat, or seventy-five cents for a steak, or a quarter of a dollar for a couple of boiled eggs, he recalls sorrowfully and wonderingly,—if he has ever traveled,—the nice little breakfasts he used to get at Madame Dij n's in Paris for two francs, his dinners in the *Palais Royal* for three, his daily board, with rooms, at the *Pension Pickard*, in Geneva, for five, and his luxurious apartments with an elaborate *table d' hote* at all the principal hotels of the Continent for ten. Is there any necessity for such prices as we are obliged to pay at the restaurants—or any apology for them? Any man who keeps house, and does his own marketing, knows the first cost of the expensive dishes placed before him in these restaurants, and he knows there is no just relation between the cost and the price charged, after all allowance has been made for cooking, service, rent, &c.

Sometime or other there will be a change, we suppose. When the times of inflation are gone by when on one side men will content themselves with reasonable profits, and on the other, money comes harder and slower, we shall have a reform of prices in the better class of eating-houses. Our expectations in regard to the second-rate places are more indefinite. It takes several generations to train a people to ideas of refinement and good manners at the table. The average German has nothing to boast of yet in this respect, and we can only hope that the American, with his greater sensitiveness and quicker instincts, will reach the desired point before him.—*Scribner's.*

New Year's.

There is something demoralizing about New Year's. Not at all that demoralization is the main outcome of the institution; but a man must be strong in the faith to withstand the effect upon his moral system of the knowledge that New Year's brings, even to the best of us. For it is at this season of the year that a man, so to speak, takes stock of himself. He takes his good resolutions, his good deeds, his bad impulses and actions, his mixed motives—in fact, his whole moral belongings and accomplishments, down from the shelves, dusts them, looks them over, and enters them in his books. There may be profit, growth, advance; but there is apt to be a melancholy side to the fairest showing.

For suppose that, on the whole, we have reason to be encouraged by the condition of affairs revealed—there are few of us who do not find with each New Year's an increased sense of limitation. For we are creatures of inheritance, and of habit; the spirit may be willing, but O, how weak the flesh!

It is not merely that we are too apt to fail in the spiritual, with all our striving; but strange barriers loom along the intellectual horizon. As we grow older, the very element of Time, which in our youth seems such a vague, shadowy enemy—if not a friend of infinite *largesse*—comes bearing down upon us, mighty, resistless—an army with banners.

There are so many things that for so many years I have been hoping to do before each succeeding New Year's Day. The contemplated crusades of boyhood even yet haunt me as things destined to fortunate occurrence. Surely the summer day is yet to come when I shall take up my adventurous march on the Crosswicks turnpike; the same night pitch my ragcarpet tent in the mysterious Pines; sleep to the entrancing music of the hyena and the jackal, and sally forth the next day to slay a white Polar bear with my ivory paper-cutter.

Shall I confess how often, since last New Year's, I have stood looking over the railing of the ferry-boat, and imagined that at last the Moment had come; the Child had fallen into the water; I had handed my coat to the benevolent gentleman with a Quaker hat and blue spectacles, my gold watch to a celebrated stock-gambler—(who is so much impressed by the generous confidence, and the general sublimity of the scene, that he is a reformed man from that moment)—and am only hesitating whether to place my pocket-book in the keeping of the pretty factory-girl with a pink parasol, or in that of the clerical-looking gentleman, who may turn out to be a pickpocket in disguise,—before taking the final plunge.

I was quite certain I would have a Christmas story ready by this time! For, bless you, I had found my plot at last; or, at least my theme. There was to be a woman in white, with a child in her arms, standing on the steps of Dr. H.'s church, across the street; a kind of an apparition you know,—although, of course, the explanation would be very simple, and would only need to be hinted at in the last paragraph in order to make it perfectly satisfactory, without destroying the weird, supernatural effect. You see the way I came upon the illusion was this——No! I'll have that done by next Christmas. I'll have that done, or something better! For, after all, let me give you a bit of optimism, after having shown the gloomy side of the picture: The New Years have helped me to this belief, that a man is very apt to accomplish, in this way or that,—the honest thing he honestly and earnestly desires to win and accomplish. But the story may not be a story, remember, or else no story of mine—perhaps only a good deed, such as giving the plot to Saxe Holm.—*Scribner's.*

☞ Bitter to Babbage, the Dubuque defaulting cashier, in his involuntary exile from his native land, with about $257,000 of the bank's funds in his pocket, oh how bitter must be the reflection that, with all his opportunities, he left over $200,000 to be stolen by the president of that same bank.

☞ The witty fellow who proposed to utilize the powder left over from the last blast of the Hoosac Tunnel for the purpose of putting daylight through the other "bores" of Massachusetts, is quite astray in his calculations. It will be necessary to wait until all the powder mills have increased their capacity.

Our Young Folks' Column.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

A little bird with feathers brown
Sat singing on a tree;
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by,
Looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody
That ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
For birdie was so small;
And with a modest, dark-brown coat,
He made no show at all.

"Why, papa!" little Gracie said,
"Where can the birdie be?
If I could sing a song like that
I'd all where folks could see.

"I hope my little girl will learn
A lesson from the bird,
And try to do what good she can,
Not to be seen or heard.

"This birdie is content to sit
Unnoticed by the way,
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise
From dawn to close of day.

"So live, my child, all through your life,
That, be it short or long,
Though others may forget your *looks*,
They'll not forget your *song*."

Mamma's Present.

BY ERSKINE HAMILTON.

Little five-year-old Mabel was seated on the floor at mamma's feet, playing with the kitten, when Frankie came to the door, and various nods, winks, and beckonings, caused her to understand her presence was desired in the garden. Pretty soon, a big sun bonnet and a tattered straw hat might have been flopping about over two small figures, as they moved down the path toward the summer-house at the lower end of the garden.

"What you want with me?" asked Mabel, as they sat down on the low seat of the summer-house.

"Wait a minute; I'll show you," answered Frankie. And diving his small hand deep down into his pocket, he began a vigorous search for something. First he pulled out a rubber ball, a whip lash, two marbles, a spool, and several other articles which no one but a boy could find use for; and last of all, he produced a five-cent coin, and laid it with a triumphant air on the seat beside him. "There!"

Mabel's blue eyes opened wide as she looked at this vast wealth, and she asked: "Where'd you get it?"

"O, I got it from Uncle Will for keeping chickens out of the garden. But you can't guess what I'm going to do with it."

"What?"

"Well—I guess—maybe, on the whole, I'll tell you, seeing your my sister," was the patronizing answer. "You see, to-morrow is mamma's birthday, and I'm going to buy her a present—that is, if I can find something real nice," continued Frankie, thrusting his hands into his pokets, and leaning complacently back against a grapevine.

"What you going to buy?"

"Oh! I don't know yet; something nice, though. I'm going to do it this afternoon."

"May I go long?" asked Mabel, anxiously.

"Well, you're so little, you might get lost—though—well—I s'pose you can go," replied Frankie, condescendingly.

With this permission, the big sun-bonnet went skipping back toward the house, and the tattered straw hat followed more slowly.

If mamma had been watching, she might have noticed that the children ate their dinner very hurriedly indeed; that Mabel was unusually willing to help Frankie gather up a basket of chips; and what was more strange asked mamma to tie the strings of her sun-bonnet. She might have noticed, too, that Frankie was seized with a sudden desire to improve his appearance by washing his face and asking to "wear his Sunday cap." But mamma did not notice; her mind was occupied with other matters, and she saw them pass down the garden-path without a suspicion but that they were just going out to play.

"Now, we'll go and look round at the stores, and see what to buy," said Frankie; and taking hold of Mabel's hand, the two trudged soberly off up the street on their important mission.

"Oh! I know," said Mabel, after walking a few minutes. "Buy a horse!"

"Ho! five cents isn't enough to do that. A live horse would cost as much as two dollars," answered Frankie.

"No, I don't mean a live one. I mean a candy horse, like Aunt Mary gave me when she was at our house, and——"

"Why, that wouldn't be any present at all!" interupted Frankie. "Mamma would eat it up right off. You see, I want to get her something she can't eat, but will keep forever and ever."

That a birthday present should be something mamma could keep was plain even to Mabel. She said nothing more about the candy horse, and they walked on in silence until they came to a drug-store. Here Frankie stopped, hesitated a moment, then walked boldly in, with Mabel following close behind. An old gentleman was seated at the back part of the store, reading a newspaper, as they entered, but at the sound of their small feet on the floor, he looked up.

"I want to see what you've got to sell," said Frankie.

"What's that," asked the old gentleman, glancing over his spectacles.

"I want to see the things you keep to sell, 'cause I guess maybe I'll buy something," repeated Frankie, with the air of one who had large capital to invest.

The old gentleman could hardly keep from smiling at his small customers; but he saw the eyes under the velvet cap and big sun-bonnet were watching him closely, his face became instantly grave, and he walked behind the counter.

"Well, what is it you wish to see?"

"Oh! I don't know; what have you got?" asked Frankie, his eyes wandering about over the array of bottles, jars, and packages of medicine.

"Oh! I have most everything, from castor oil, down to toothpicks," answered the druggist. "Can't I sell you an emetic?" he added with an assumed smile.

Frankie hesitated a little. "How much does one cost?" he asked.

"Only five cents," replied the druggist: and reaching back, he took down a jar and placed it on the counter.

Both Frankie and Mabel looked at it rather doubtfully. They didn't know what an 'emetic" was, but thought from the look of it that it would hardly be suitable for a present for mamma. So the jar was placed back on the shelf again. After that, they looked at several things, but could find nothing that could be purchased for five cents; and they finally left the store.

Next they visited a dry-goods store, a toy-shop, a book-store, and several places, but nowhere finding the present they wished or that their money would purchase. At last, just as they were about giving up making a present at all, they came to a tin-shop and went in.

In answer to Frankie's question, the shopman placed several articles before them, but they were all too high-priced, and the children were about to turn away again. Just then the man showed a small tin cup painted blue, and on it, in gilt letters, were the words, "For a good girl." The children's eyes sparkled when they saw it, and when they learned the price was exactly five cents, all doubt disappeared from their faces. Frankie hastily laid down the five cents, the cup was wrapped up, and the velvet cap and big sun-bonnet fairly danced out of the store.

"Isn't it nice? Why, it is the very thing!" said Mabel, as their small feet went on a skip and a jump toward home.

"Yes," said Frankie, "and we'll put it in mamma's shoe to-night, so she'll be s'prised in the morning."

And they did. Mamma was as much surprised to find the cup in her shoe as Benjamin was to find one in his sack's mouth.

"And we just went and got it all alone by our two selves," said Mabel, jumping up and down in delight, after Frankie had finished telling about the cup's purchase. "And you will keep it to remember us by, won't you, mamma?"

The mother looked down into the happy faces before her. Remember them! As if she could ever cease to do that! Their love and thought for her gave the gay little cup a wondrous value, and she answered.

"My darlings, indeed I will!"

But that night, as she bent over their sleeping forms, she whispered a prayer they did not hear: "Father, fill their cup with thy blessing—thine own best gift."—*The Methodist.*

☞ One of the wealthiest men in this State, and one of the most honored and respected, who never failed in anything except in taking advantage of the educational privileges within his reach, is credited with this delicious slip of the tongue: He had made a visit to Washington during the war on State business, and on his return a friend inquired in regard to a lady of their mutual acquaintance.

He said, "I saw Mrs. ——; she is all right. She's got an appointment as *mattress* of one of the biggest hospitals."

This reminds us of a story about another very wealthy man, now long since deceased. He was upon the witness-stand, and was being questioned upon the point how he knew a certain note had passed through the hands of a well-known broker of that day.

"Why," said he, showing to the court the letters, J. J. B., on the back of the note, "there's his *entrails*," (Initials.)—

☞ The great legal phenomenon at Jackson, Mich., is a lawyer who eloquently defended in court, the other day, a negro who had stolen from him an overcoat.

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